

The Critic

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Literature

"History of the Mexican War." *

THE WAR WITH MEXICO was one of the most interesting and important events in our country's history. The campaigns of Taylor and Scott, conducted with great military skill and crowned with phenomenal success, inspired confidence at home and respect abroad; while the acquisition of a territory of more than five hundred millions of acres and of a sea-coast of more than thirteen hundred miles, with three great harbors, was a vast stride towards the realization of De Tocqueville's prophecy, made in 1835, that the Anglo-Americans would alone cover the immense space between the Polar Regions and the Tropics, extending from the coast of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The western frontier had passed, at a single bound, from the Mississippi to the Pacific. The effects of the impetus imparted by these acquisitions to the enterprise always characteristic of the American people are shown in the development of the mineral, agricultural and commercial resources of the country, and in the astonishing growth of means of transportation by land and sea. When Congress took up the discussion of an appropriation to pay for certain portions of the Mexican lands, and of the establishment of the requisite Territorial governments, the question of the status of slavery in the newly-acquired territory led to the introduction of the Wilmot Proviso, and increased the bitter feeling already existing between the North and South. There is no doubt, therefore, that one of the results of the Mexican War was to precipitate that stupendous struggle between the States upon which depended the life and liberty of the nation. It is not surprising that the Civil War, with its vitally important results, vast military operations and gigantic armies—compared with which those operating in Mexico were insignificant in size, though not in valor—should have overshadowed the war so closely preceding it. But as the last great struggle recedes into the past, the historian will turn again to the romantic campaigns in Mexico, and will assign them a more important place than that which they now occupy.

An elaborate History of the Mexican War has recently been published as a posthumous work of Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox, who has left a record which will no doubt rescue from oblivion many of the gallant deeds of his earlier companions in arms. The author's experience well qualified him for his work, as he joined the Army in Mexico within a month after the Battle of Monterey, and served continuously from that time until the close of the war. Subsequently, he rose to the grade of major-general in the Confederate service. His death occurred at Washington, D. C., in 1890. The object of his work was 'to revive some interest in an event fraught with great national results; to show that the war was just and unavoidable, skilfully managed by wise and able leaders, aided by brave and gallant troops, with whom to dare was to conquer, and to conquer to be magnanimous.' It can hardly be conceded that the war is shown to have been just. Beyond question, however, it was a magnanimous war, as is attested by the chivalrous action of

* *History of the Mexican War.* By Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox. Edited by his niece, Mary Rachel Wilcox. Washington: Church News Publishing Co.

Gen. Scott in halting his victorious army at the gates of the Mexican Capital, to give the enemy a chance to treat for terms of peace, and thus escape the humiliation always attending the loss of the seat of government; as well as by the purchase from Mexico of lands which might have been claimed by right of conquest.

The book is profusely illustrated. There are nineteen portraits, nine battle-scenes, and fourteen maps showing the theatres of operation and the topography of the battle-fields. The portraits are fairly good. The maps are not good: a number of them have no scale, and in nearly all of them the legend, explanations and references are indistinct, and in some cases almost illegible. In this respect they are far inferior to the maps which appeared more than forty years ago in a volume entitled 'The Other Side; or, A Mexican History of the War in Mexico,' from which several of them seem to have been taken without credit. One of the illustrations called for by the list—namely, 'Scott's Entrance into the City of Mexico'—does not appear, and it is to be regretted that the nine battle-scenes were not also overlooked, as they are mere blotches, which convey no meaning and are painful to look upon. Of a large number of absurd typographical errors, examples will be found on page 58, where 'formation' is printed 'for motion,' and page 218, where 'park' appears instead of 'pack.' The author's style is frequently awkward and careless; the personal pronouns are too often used in such an ambiguous way as to require more than close attention to determine the meaning; and redundancy is an occasional fault, as in the following, on page iii:—'We ran close in along Galveston Island; no houses were seen where the present pretty city of that name now stands.' The word 'displayed' is used several times where 'deployed' would seem to better convey the meaning. On page 273, it is stated that 'the latter, on its return to San Luis, according to their own estimate was 10,000; 500 less than when it marched north, etc.' The 500 is a cipher short, evidently. On page 561, it is stated that as a result of the Mexican War five thousand miles of sea-coast were added to that already possessed. This is an error, as the whole extent of sea-coast on the three maritime fronts (exclusive of Alaska) is only 5000 miles, unless bays, sounds, and other small irregularities of the coast-line are considered, which is not usually the case. On page 441, 'illy' is awkwardly and incorrectly used. The following, on page 385, is so bad as to make one wonder whether the author or the proof-reader was at fault:—'The order was obeyed, and the men advanced with spirit; but it was apparent that they were not strong enough to assault the enemy in the position occupied, and Lieut. S. B. Buckner being sent to the commander of the regiment, requesting to be recalled or reinforced, the order was revoked.'

These defects go far towards spoiling a book which, without them, would be a most interesting and attractive volume. The author evidently gave much diligent labor and research to the preparation of his work, the value of which, as one of reference, is increased by the appendices, in which may be found the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; an account of the Court of Inquiry appointed to investigate and report upon the conduct of certain officers of Gen. Scott's Army; rosters of officers of the Army, Volunteers and Navy serving in Mexico; and names of the original members of the Aztec Club.

"Architecture, Mysticism and Myth." *

SYMBOLISM, as a topic, is evidently coming to the front. The curious learning which, formerly, only dreamers and 'literary cranks' delighted in is fast being reduced to system, and so becoming of interest to staid, commonsense people. Both these and the few who still delight in a free field for fancy and who love hieroglyphics because even the

* *Architecture, Mysticism and Myth.* By W. R. Lethaby. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.

learned make mistakes in deciphering them will find much to enjoy in Mr. W. R. Lethaby's 'Architecture, Mysticism and Myth.' The author, who is an architect, attempts to answer M. César Daly's question, which he prints on his title-page, so far as it relates to their common art. 'Are there symbols which may be called constant; proper to all races, all societies and all countries?' asks Mr. Daly, who was one of the architectural lights of the second Empire. Mr. Lethaby answers yes, and proceeds by a multitude of examples to connect the world's great monuments with ancient ideas of the universe. Men had everywhere arrived at such ideas, clear if primitive, before they began to erect great stone temples and tombs, he says, and their building was influenced by them if it did not designedly symbolize them. This seems a pretty safe position to take up; yet from it we gain alluring views of the terraced mountain of heaven in the Ziggurat, of the square earth in the temple area, and the under-world, hard to get out of, in the labyrinth. This was Homer's Cosmos. Dante's is found figured in Buddhist stupas and Chinese pagodas; the little bells that hang to the eaves of the latter ring out the music of the spheres. Japanese *torii*, we are happy to learn, are not bird roosts but sun-roosts. Egyptian and Grecian pylons, Solomon's brazen pillars and those of Hercules, were placed, like the posts of the *torii*, for the sun to rise between them on certain days. For each day of the year he had his gate in the heavens; and consequently there are endless stories of buildings with 360 (the original number), or 365 doors or windows. The former number was the limit of counting in the Homeric age, witness the 360 pigs that Eumeus, the swine-herd, had charge of—a pig for every day in the year. The frontispiece is a drawing, by the author, of the great Ziggurat of Babylon (the tower of Belus) from the measurements discovered by George Smith. It is a much more imposing shape than the restoration by Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez.

"Oriental Religions and Christianity"*

'ORIENTAL RELIGIONS and Christianity' were the theme of the eight courses of lectures on the Ely foundation, before the students of Union Theological Seminary, New York, delivered by the Rev. Frank F. Ellinwood, D.D. As Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, Lecturer on Comparative Religion in the University of the City of New York and President of the American Society of Comparative Religion, Dr. Ellinwood brings equipment of a certain sort for the task in hand. He has read widely, and not only in those books and translations which set forth one side and only one side of the ethnic religions; and he has also been a constant reader of those missionary reports which give the alien, hostile both in faith and civilization, that actual and practical side that the closet-scholars do not know. He has also made the tour of the world, and personally questioned the adherents to non-Christian faiths. He does not pretend to give a full and judicial view of the phenomena of Oriental religions, but merely touches upon a few salient points, with a view of showing the inferiority of the other Asiatic religions to that founded by Jesus, and as represented by the orthodox denominations of to-day. Hence, the title of his first chapter is not especially calculated to disarm prejudice—'The Need of Understanding the False Religions.' In these days of the revised version of the Bible, which expunges the term 'heathen' from the English text, reveals the right term 'nations,' and shows that Paul, the greatest of missionaries, used no term of contempt for one outside the faith, it is hardly fair to begin discussion with the use of the branding-iron. However, Dr. Ellinwood confesses that his end is practical; and it is perhaps true that even in a theological seminary—professedly organized for the study of the truth—a sop must be thrown to prejudice. Moreover, in spirit and treatment, the lecturer is usually fair and conciliatory.

* *Oriental Religions and Christianity.* By F. F. Ellinwood. \$1.75. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

After two lectures largely preparatory to the subject, two more are devoted to Hinduism, one to Buddhism, one to Mohammedanism, and one to traces of a primitive monotheism. In the three concluding lectures, in rather old-fashioned style, the writer collects the indirect tributes of pagan systems to the doctrines of the Bible, shows the ethical tendencies of the Eastern and the Western philosophies, and maintains the divine supremacy of the Christian faith. The appendix on the bibliography of the subject is of great value. The object of the lecturer seems to be to encourage fuller investigation of the subjects outlined by him. Throughout, he has especial references to those who passively receive their opinions upon the subjects of Oriental religions. These may be divided into two classes: those who take their opinions ready-made, through traditional education and local prejudice; and those who seek out the spicy and sensational periodical literature, or the popular lecturers whose aim is revenue more than truth. Strange as it may seem, the author has not thought his work worth indexing.

"The New Empire"*

MR. O. A. HOWLAND, a Toronto barrister, bearing a name highly esteemed in Canadian public life, has given us, in a handsome, though needlessly expanded volume, entitled 'The New Empire—Reflections upon its Origin and Constitution, and its Relations to the Great Republic,' good evidence of the tumult of ideas now fermenting in the minds of the Canadian people. The New Empire, it should be understood, is the present British Empire, which has come into being since the 'Old Empire' was broken up by the secession of the original American colonies. The author, who holds very liberal and comprehensive views, is of opinion that this secession was a fortunate event for the English race and for the cause of free government in general, though he deplores some of its concomitants and supposed consequences. He laments, in particular, the fact (as he deems it to be) that by the expulsion of the educated and high-principled loyalists, the people of the United States, though personally honest, lost much of that fine sentiment of public honor which—as he thought last year, when his book was published—existed in Canada. How far this agreeable sense of moral superiority has survived in the author's mind the shock of the recent legislative revelations in the Dominion can only be conjectured; but he is doubtless well aware that the assertion of such a superiority must now produce an odd effect in the United States, as well as in Europe. The truth is, that the wealthier loyalists who fled from the insurgent colonies belonged mainly to an aristocratic class; and from the earliest to the latest times—from Athens and Rome to Venice and the France of Louis XIV. and to the monarchies of our own day,—an aristocratic class has always been a selfish, corrupt and corrupting class.

Apart from this natural and pardonable effervescence of local vanity, there is nothing in Mr. Howland's book that is not pleasing and commendable in sentiment, even if some of his suggestions may seem visionary, and others somewhat trivial. Certainly the proposed establishment of an 'International Supreme Court' for the settlement of differences between Great Britain and the United States is an agreeable vision; but what would be the position of a court possessing no power of enforcing its judgments is a question which Mr. Howland, as a lawyer, should be able to answer. His suggestion of the excellent effects which might follow from amending the royal title by declaring the Queen of Great Britain to be also 'Queen of Canada,' may provoke a smile. But such intellectual vagaries do not seriously mar the general impression which the book conveys, of a generous and thoughtful mind, somewhat bewildered by opposing theories and the shifting politics of an uneasy dependency.

* *The New Empire.* By O. A. Howland. \$2.50. Baker & Taylor Co.

Mr. Daly's "Woffington" *

WE ARE GLAD to see a second edition of Mr. Augustin Daly's 'Woffington,' an appreciative tribute to the actress and the woman, and a valuable contribution to the history of the English stage. It was written *con amore*, but with conscientious care no less. The author says in the preface:—'I set out to write from a full heart all that the moving story of Woffington inspired. I did not choose the subject:—it chose me; and if the selection of the pen is crowned with success, and the much loved—much maligned—much praised—and greatly blamed woman has found a biographer satisfying in any degree—let us acknowledge again the power that Peg Woffington exercises a century after she has passed away, rather than award any particular credit for the success of this memoir to Augustin Daly.' Yet he deserves credit for it, the clear head having guided the task inspired by the 'full heart.' The character is not idealized as in Charles Reade's pleasant novel, but delineated with strict fidelity to nature and history. The career of Peg is traced 'from the cradle to the tight-rope,' 'from Lilliput to Ophelia,' and on, in successive chapters, to her triumphs at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, 'from stage to drawing-room,' and through all the vicissitudes of a singularly chequered life to her last resting-place in 'the little church at Teddington.' 'In her childhood she had run barefooted through the streets and along the quays of Dublin, a bricklayer's orphan and a peddler of fruit and vegetables. In her womanhood she was courted by the representatives of the highest circles in London as the first actress of the age, and as a brilliant hostess among the most noted of her time. When she first came to London to play in its leading theatre she had but a single robe for tragedy parts, yet she lived 'to set the fashion in gowns for the women of England.' She was no less admired and loved for 'the goodness of her heart, her high sense of honor, and her devotion to duty.' If she was a little weak, she was sorely punished for it—'a woman like many for whom Mother Eve is responsible.' Her many virtues make her failings seem small in the comparison.

Mr. Daly's book is brought out in elegant quarto form, with faultless typography, and executed with many finely executed photographs, among which are no less than seven portraits of Woffington, including those that represent her as Sir Harry Wildair and as Mistress Ford in 'The Merry Wives.' In the appendix is a list of the parts she acted, running up to the almost incredible number of one hundred and thirty-two.

John Arbuthnot †

AMONG the pursuers of literature, some yet read Pope with 'perpetual delight,' though it is the fashion of critics to answer Johnson's inquiry, 'whether Pope was a poet,' by rating him as a writer of rhetoric, not of poetry, of 'mouldy commonplaces' and 'conventional truisms,' while owning the melody of his metre and nice handling of the colors of language shown in grace and perfectness of expression. Yet more of his lines are to-day in common use than those of any other writer except Shakespeare. The Prologue to the Satires is styled 'Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot,' the 'Friend to my Life,' which brings to mind the charming Dedication of 'Pendennis.'

Dr. Arbuthnot was a Scotchman, the physician and trusted friend of Queen Anne, who had 'great power with her,' Swift said; a confidant of Mrs. Masham, who had supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough in the Queen's favor; strongly attached to the Tory party, he was a member of the October Club founded by Oxford and Bolingbroke, with whom he had the closest relations, personal and political; and along with Pope, Swift, Gay, Atterbury, Parnell, Congreve and Oxford, he was a chief spirit in the Scriblerus Club; an intimate and correspondent of the brilliant and eccentric Peterborough, and the physician and friend of Chesterfield, who wrote of him :—

Without any of the craft, he had all the skill of his profession. * * * To great and various erudition he joined an infinite fund of wit and humor, to which his friends, Pope and Swift, were more obliged than

* Peg Woffington. By Augustin Daly. \$5. Nims & Knight.

† The Life and Works of John Arbuthnot, M.D. By John A. Aitkin. \$4. Macmillan & Co.

they have acknowledged themselves to be. His imagination was almost inexhaustible. * * * His social character was not more amiable than his private character was pure and exemplary; charity, benevolence, and a love of mankind appeared in all he said or did.

Lord Orrery said of him, that 'justly celebrated for wit and learning, the excellency of his heart was above all his other qualifications.' Talking of the eminent men of Queen Anne's reign, Johnson remarked to Boswell:—'I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius. A man of deep learning and much humor.' And he called him 'illustrious.' Thackeray describes him as 'one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, and gentlest of mankind.' The mutual affection between Arbuthnot and Pope and Swift, as shown in their correspondence, is pleasing, and at times touching. He and the Dean wrote to each other as 'dear brother,' and Pope's letters are almost as affectionate. Swift said of Arbuthnot that 'he had but one defect, and that was a slouch in his walk.'

The lovers of the literary history of the days of Queen Anne should be grateful to the Clarendon Press for this edition of Dr. Arbuthnot's chief works; for though we have 'Life after Life of Pope and Swift, and edition after edition of their works, no one has made any serious attempt to do a similar service for Arbuthnot, though he was equal to any of his contemporaries in wit and learning.' A good life, by Mr. George A. Aitkin, mainly pieced (and well-pieced) from the letters of Arbuthnot, Pope, Swift, Gay and others, is prefixed. Arbuthnot was the first to apply the name 'John Bull' to the English, and the character, as he drew it, has since been the accepted type—an honest, plainealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of very inconstant temper, * * * apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If he was flattered he could be led like a lamb. He was ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter.' Swift wrote to Stella:—'I hope you read "John Bull." It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, who wrote it, but they put it upon me—as they did "Martinus Scriblerus"—both by Arbuthnot,' said Johnson, 'though commonly assigned to Swift, and are printed in his works.' It was published in the second volume of the famous 'Miscellanies in Prose and Verse,' the joint work of the four wits—Swift, Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot. Pope, writing to Swift, says of it:—'We look like friends, side by side, serious and merry, by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity.' The many notes signed Bentley and Scriblerus in the first authorized edition of 'The Dunciad' (1729) are by Swift and Arbuthnot, and the appended 'Virgilius Restauratus,' in ridicule of Bentley, by Arbuthnot. The 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' though getting scant praise from Johnson, is a clever book, and abounds in humor, and undoubtedly furnished hints to Sterne for the early chapters of 'Tristram Shandy.'

With Pope and Gray, Arbuthnot was a share-writer of the farce comedy, 'Three Hours After Marriage,' driven off the stage on its seventh night, and which is only remembered by its giving rise to the stupid substitution of Cibber for Theobald as the hero of the Dunce's epic, Pope having quarrelled with the actor-manager 'on account of a "gag" he introduced ridiculing the piece when playing Bayes in "The Rehearsal." Arbuthnot is the true author of the phrase, in reference to a biographer, that he was 'one of the new terrors of death,' commonly given to Brougham or Sir Charles Wetherill. He applied it to the notorious Curril, and his catch-penny lives of eminent persons, many of which Savage, one of his drudge Plutarchs, tells us, in 'The Author to be Let,' he wrote under wretched constraint. Of Arbuthnot's medical writings, the 'Essay Concerning the Nature of Aliments' is the best known, and has this apothegm:—'All the intentions pursued by medicine may be obtained and enforced by diet.' Unfortunately he did not follow his own teaching, for 'his weakness, which he shared with so many of his contemporaries, was the habit of eating in excess.' His favorite amusements were card-playing and music; he had a fine ear, and good taste, and Pope said he was 'inalterable in friendship and quadrille.' In the last years of his life his health was 'much broke,' and he died in 1735, in his sixty-eighth year. Pope wrote to his son:—'It is a great Truth, that I can find no words to express the Share I bear in your present Grief and Loss.' He described Arbuthnot, on the fly-leaf of his 'Virgil,' as 'vir dictissimus, probitate ac pietate insignis.'

Theological and Religious Literature

'THE DOCTRINE OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, so Far as It is Set Forth in the Prayer-Book,' is the title of a little volume beautifully printed by the Knickerbocker Press. On examination, it turns out to be an orderly arrangement of the doctrinal portions of the Prayer-Book under seventeen heads, which comprise the common topics of a system of theology. The portions selected

are merely pieced together, so as to read like a connected paragraph or single sentence, and no verbal changes are made in the parts thus brought together, except such as were necessary to make good sense. The Prayer-Book, as a whole, has been drawn on, and so collect, no less than litany, is used for doctrine. The result is interesting. The Prayer-Book is shown to have more unity of teaching than has been generally supposed; and also to make such doctrinal demands that it would seem inconsistent to continue to use it while dissenting from its principal tenets. The author would go much further than this, however, and exclude from the ministry of the Episcopal Church all who do not conform to the doctrine of the Prayer-Book. The titles of the appendices are 'Of Holy Scripture,' 'Endless Punishment' and 'The Atonement.' These apparently were at first sermons. They take the most rigidly orthodox positions; but they are intelligently written, and the second is particularly valuable as a defence of the faith once delivered to the saints. The author of this helpful and suggestive volume is the Rev. Henry R. Percival, M.A., rector of the Church of the Evangelists, Philadelphia. (75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE USEFUL SERIES of Biblical biographical monographs entitled *Men of the Bible* has recently received two additions, 'Gideon and the Judges,' by the well-known Rev. Dr. J. Marshall Lang, and 'Ezra and Nehemiah: Their Lives and Times,' by the still better known George Rawlinson. The latter writer is now an old man, and it is not to be expected that he would utilize recent works in expanding the short narrative in the Bible into a volume of 182 pages. As a matter of fact, his 'authorities' are all over thirty and most of them over forty years old. Canon Rawlinson's readers would not know this, for he does not date his authors. Now, when it is borne in mind that the science of Assyriology has come up since the most recent of his authors issued his book, the freshness of the author's information may be conjectured. Canon Rawlinson is a name publishers and editors conjure with, but he is, all the same, a survival of a former generation of book compilers. The Rev. Dr. Lang has done some work in the pulpit which evinced his fitness for his present task, and the way in which he has discharged it is excellent. He brings out of their obscurity those old heroes, and presents them to us in the setting of their times. He holds a conservative course, frankly confessing the neglect of the Mosaic law and the brutality of the times, but not drawing the conclusion that there was no Mosaic law then extant, or that the Israelites were savages. He interprets literally the fulfilment of Jephthah's vow, and therefore believes the virgin daughter was killed by her father. Throughout he is a level-headed, fair-minded, scholarly exegete. (\$1 each. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

—MR. A. C. DIXON, pastor of the Harrison Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has published under the title of 'The God-Man,' a course of sermons in proof of the deity of Jesus Christ. Equally good sermons are preached every Sunday in a thousand pulpits; yet because this preacher is so earnest and unpretentious and has so important a theme, one would desire his brochure a wide currency. (Baltimore: Wharton, Barron & Co.)

—'BIBLOS, THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD: A Sketch of its History and Literary Attractions' is the title of an octavo of

123 pages, written by the Rev. W. F. Carey of Brooklyn. While

not a scholarly production, it may do good by calling attention to

the Bible—a book which too many persons know very little about.

(Omaha: Ackermann Bros. & Heintze.)

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND having developed a gift of speech, and American publishers having discovered that the public will buy his single speeches, if attractively presented, almost every month brings us something from his lips. The latest is "First!" a Talk with Boys. The prefatory note informs us that it was delivered in Glasgow to the 1400 members of the Boys' Brigade. Its theme is the priority of religion to everything else, and the text, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.' A very practical talk it is. From a repeated allusion on p. 25 it appears that baseball is played in Glasgow. (10 cts. James Pott & Co.)

—BISHOP THOMPSON of Mississippi sends out a consecration sermon on 'The Historic Episcopate, Witnesses of His Resurrection,' in which he ingeniously applies Leslie's argument to prove his theme. (James Pott & Co.)

—JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D., the well-known Methodist layman and Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, has arranged 'Our Lord's Life' in a continuous narrative in the words of the Four Gospels, according to the Common Version. There are many such diatessarons, as they are called. They are to be welcomed. The best Life of Christ is that composed by the Evangelists. Prof. Strong's work presents no novel features, save in chronology. He holds that Christ was born about the first of August, B.C. 6, and was crucified on Friday, March 18, A.D. 29, so that His life lasted nearly thirty-five years. (45 cts. Hunt &

Eaton.) —THE REV. A. J. C. ALLEN, M.A., has prepared a manual for teachers and students of 'The Church Catechism,' in which its history and contents are set forth in simple language. The Catechism is that of the Church of England. The book has the unmistakable stamp of being born of experience. The remarks are such as a teacher would be called upon to make. To those who teach that Catechism, and to those who desire to know what it means, the book is strongly recommended. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

Recent Fiction

IN THE LITTLE PARISH of St. Mervain on the coast of England, there lives a clergyman, his wife and eleven children. They are so poor that it is almost impossible to find the bread to put in their mouths, and the father resolves to apply for the rectorship of a church some distance off in the gift of a young nobleman whom he had formerly known. He has been misinformed, there is no vacancy in the church, but the nobleman is so impressed with the idea that the applicant must be in deep distress, that he takes a friend who is staying with him and goes to call upon the family to see what he can do for them. A great intimacy results, the nobleman falling in love with the clergyman's eldest daughter and his friend with the second. The latter is soon married to his sweetheart, and takes her to London, where, the beggar being put upon horse-back, she proceeds to ride him to death. The rate at which they live soon exhausts their fortune. The woman has never cared anything about her husband, and when the money is gone, she turns her attention to other sources from which it may be obtained. She leaves her home one evening to join another man at the station and go to the Continent with him. Arriving at the station she discovers she has forgotten something and she returns to the house for it to find her husband lying on the floor in a pool of blood, dead. He has shot himself on discovering that she has deserted him. She is accused of the murder, and the trial and the final exoneration make up the remainder of a story called 'Love or Money,' by Katherine Lee. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

IN 'THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND,' Grant Allen has produced something decidedly more interesting than the ordinary English novel. It has the same unfortunate tendency to length that the latter has, and the characters and incidents are many and various, but it can be read through without effort. Two young men board in a poor, unfashionable quarter of London with a brother and sister, the latter a most attractive person with whom both men fall in love. The one she does not care for loves her unselfishly and devotedly; the one she does care for, though he loves her, will not say so because he is resolved to form an alliance which will better his social position. The brother and sister at last decide to go to America to seek their fortune. Time passes, until one day the whole of London is looking forward with eager expectancy to its first glimpses of the new Duchess of Powysland, an American heiress who has just been married to the Duke and who is to make her débüt in London under very favorable auspices. To their amazement, our two friends discover that the Duchess is none other than the little girl with whom they lodged in former days. Her brother made a great fortune in America and the Duke has married her for the money. He squanders what he can of it, and when she refuses to give him more he commits suicide by poisoning himself with morphine, and does it so ingeniously that he causes her to be accused of his murder. She has great difficulty in proving her innocence, and her defense at the trial is built up on the theory that he did poison himself; a theory supported by the fact that his family have all died by their own hands. It is a species of insanity with them. (\$1. John W. Lovell Co.)

ONE OF THE FRESHEST and most interesting little American stories that has come from the press in a long while is 'Miss Bagg's Secretary,' by Clara Louise Burnham. There is nothing especially startling or original in the plot, nothing particularly novel or great about the characters: they are ordinary men and women doing and saying the commonplace things that make up the sum of existence in the everyday world. Herein lies the cleverness of its author, that she should have taken hold of such a story and invested it with so much humor, so much sweetness, and an interest so intensely human, that one finishes the book, closes it, and puts it away with the same feeling of regret he might have in parting from a delightful companion with whom he has spent an afternoon. Its sub-title describes it as a West Point romance, and the description of a cadet's life in the Academy is so good as to impress army officers with the idea that the manuscript, in such particulars, was corrected by one of their number.

The action takes place quite as much in New York as at West Point; however, Uncle Jotham, a crusty old bachelor, induces his nephew to resign his commission in the Army and come and live with him, strongly intimating that he intends to leave him the whole of his immense fortune. He dies without a will, and the money goes to his nearest relative, an old maid of fifty years or more, residing in a small town in Massachusetts. Max takes his disappointment like a man, goes at his lawyer's request to communicate her good fortune to Miss Bagg, and offers himself to her as her secretary. She takes a fancy to him at once, and places herself in his charge in the most confiding manner. Once settled in New York she persuades him to live with her, and follows his guidance about everything, even to the point of chaperoning two young girls through a campaign at West Point. Max's reverses do him one good service at least, they show him his former sweetheart in her true colors. She throws him over when she finds the money is not his, and leaves him free to turn his thoughts to one of Miss Bagg's protégées. To that old lady's great delight the couple are married from her house. After doing everything possible for them, she asks Max if there is anything else. He tells her he simply wishes to remain what he is—Miss Bagg's secretary. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'DOLLAROCRACY' would be more effective as a satire and more entertaining as a novel but for the author's system of labelling his characters with too significant names. It takes the edge off our curiosity at once to be introduced to the Hon. DeWitt Macboodle Blarnaby, to his bust by the sculptor Chisillini, and his bosom friend, Ichabod W. Blabbe. But the story is much better than one would suppose at the start. The characters are distinguished from one another by more than their labels; events move rapidly, and yet with sufficient probability; and the reader finds himself getting more and more interested as he turns over the pages. The glorious possibilities of this life of ours, in which absolutely no sort of failure need be final, are well brought out in the case of Mr. Blarnaby, whose Presidential aspirations come to nought, whose financial schemes are wrecked, and whose hopes of an alliance with the English nobility in the person of Lady Ossulstone are, so to speak, blasted in the bud, yet who immediately marries an American woman of pluck and brains, makes a fortune, pays off his debts and starts on a new career. There are cleverish illustrations by Frank ver Beck. (50 cts. John A. Taylor & Co.)

THE SCENE OF Bret Harte's new story, 'A First Family of Tasajara,' is laid in a Western mining-camp known as the Sidon Settlement. There is money to be made in the place, and it eventually becomes a flourishing town, furnishing opportunities to its early settlers to climb with it into social and financial prominence. The earliest of these, 'The First Family of Tasajara,' in fact, avails himself largely of all the advantages thus accruing to him, and floats upon the topmost wave of prosperity, until he is suddenly called upon to return to Tasajara and look on at the destruction of all that he owns in the world in a most disastrous flood. When he arrives the same scene of desolation is everywhere—everywhere the same dull, expressionless, placid tranquility of destruction, a terrible levelling of all things in one-blank smiling equality of surface, beneath which agony, despair and ruin are deeply buried and forgotten; a catastrophe without convulsion, —a devastation voiceless, passionless, supine. They are ruined, the first citizens of Tasajara,—but they accept this common fate with a certain Indian stoicism and Western sense of humor that for the time lifts them above the vulgar complacency of their former fortunes. There is a deep-seated, if coarse and irreverent resignation, in their philosophy. At first they fought against it, then it became a practical joke the sting of which was lost in the victims' power of endurance. There is something almost pathetic in their attempts to understand its peculiar humor. The whole is very characteristic of Bret Harte, and is at times in his happiest vein. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE ANGULAR STONE, by Emilia Pardo Bazan, should and would have been called 'The Corner-Stone,' if somebody had not forestalled the publishers in securing copyright to the more appropriate title. The corner-stone of society, capital punishment, is what is meant to be personified and condemned in the official garroter of a large Spanish seaport. This character, of a type like Hugo's Javert, is first trained for the priesthood, but failing to get a charge, turns schoolmaster, serves some time as a soldier, becomes a police spy under Spain's short-lived republic, and, on the return of the monarchical régime, is promoted to be public executioner. He is, therefore, a product of discipline in all its forms—like Javert, an incarnation of the letter of the law. Knowing himself to be free from blame, according to his own standard, he

braves disgrace and the dislike of his neighbors, but weakens when it becomes plain that he is condemning his boy to a life like his own. He is at last prevailed upon to refuse to perform his office in the case of a young woman condemned for murder; but, unable to change the habits of thought of a lifetime, he drowns himself instead. The story is a strikingly good one, and the translation from the Spanish is uncommonly well done by Mary J. Serrano. (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)

Minor Notices

THE LATEST ISSUE in the dainty Stott Library is 'Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth,' selected and edited, with a biographical and chronological introduction, by Mr. Clement K. Shorter. The selection is excellent, and the booklet would be a charming pocket companion (it is more 'pocketable' than most books that profess to be so) in rambles in the Wordsworth country next summer, or in any other rural region, if one cannot cross the ocean to 'Words-worthshire,' as Lowell aptly called it. (75 cts. Macmillan.)—MR. A. W. VERITY'S edition of Milton's 'Samson Agonistes,' published in the Pitt Press Series, Cambridge, deserves the same praise as his editions of 'Lycidas, and Other Poems,' and 'The Arcades and Comus,' previously noticed by us. There are more than two hundred pages of introduction and notes to about fifty of text; but the teacher need not use more of this illustrative matter than suits his purpose—no more than it is necessary to read the dictionary through because one has occasion, now and then, to consult it for the meaning of a single word. It is only the fools and pedants among the pedagogues who will cram their students with all that an editor supplies. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has published a new edition of his 'Social Statics,' abridged and revised so as to bring it into harmony with his present views. The first edition, which was published many years ago, contained some things that savored of socialism; and as Mr. Spencer is now an extreme individualist, he has struck out of the new edition everything of a socialistic character, together with some other passages which have now been superseded by his recent work on 'Justice.' Bound up in the same volume with the 'Social Statics' is the series of essays written by him some years ago, entitled 'The Man versus the State,' in which he vehemently attacks what he deems 'the sins of legislators.' In both works Mr. Spencer's object is to advocate the doctrine, set forth in his work on 'Justice,' that the State ought to confine itself to maintaining the liberties of each individual, all other governmental activity being wrong and pernicious. In expounding this doctrine he goes to such extreme lengths that he is more likely to repel than to convert his readers, and some of his remarks, particularly his objections to public education, are unworthy of notice. His views on these subjects, however, are now so well-known that we need not discuss them here. Besides the duties of the State and the rights of the individual, Mr. Spencer treats in 'Social Statics' of the origin of the moral sense, presenting some views which, though not new, will seem to most thinkers both strange and unsound. He holds that our moral ideas arise from the disposition to assert our own rights and liberties combined with a sympathetic regard for the rights of others. Sympathy, however, is, in opinion, nothing but a form of selfishness; for he says that it leads man 'to give happiness that he may have happiness reflected back upon him' (p. 236). He defines merit, also, as he has defined it elsewhere, as the power to provide for one's own wants; and these two definitions indicate, to a certain extent, the character of the book and the peculiarities of the author's thinking. (\$2. D. Appleton & Co.)

IT WAS ALMOST a foregone conclusion that Dr. Johnson's 'Rasselas' would be added, as it now is, to the handsomely issued series of little volumes alliteratively termed the Knickerbocker Nuggets. The classic tale by the great Bow-wow of English literature, written in a style little affected at the present day, has at least one modern, *fin de siècle* trait, in that it concludes with a 'conclusion in which nothing is concluded.' (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—A YEAR AGO 'The Statesman's Year-Book' filled 1132 pages; this year the number is 1152. It is still a portable volume, but the day cannot be far distant when it shall cease to be portable—even if it remain supportable; for the world grows, and there is more to be recorded of it every year, and the new editions of this indispensable reference-book not only correct old statements that are no longer true, but add new ones on subjects not previously worth consideration. We should say that it annually grows in merit, were not that to disparage its previous issues. (\$3. Macmillan & Co.)—'MEMOIRS: 1798-1886' of Dr. Richard Robert Madden, a well-known Irish author, scholar,

poet, traveller and Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, have been edited by his son, the Hon. T. M. Madden. The neat volume contains a portrait of the subject, and the text is largely from Dr. Madden's own writings. His journeys through various countries of Europe and the East, his anti-slavery work and contests with the slave-owners in the West Indies, are well worth reading. His visits to the United States give vivid pictures of the Republic and its prominent men during the thirties. Dr. Madden wrote a 'History of United Irishmen,' a 'History of Penal Laws against Catholics,' and other noted works. One chapter contains many of his poetical writings, some of which display wit and grace. The later chapters tell of his public work in Ireland during the famine years, and in Australia. A good index completes this record of the life of a most useful man. (\$1.25. Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Magazine Notes

MME. ADAM bewails and bemoans through half a score of pages in the April *Northern American Review* the vanishing of the old type of French girl and the old family relations so pleasant for parents, and above all for grandparents. The breaking-down of the old system is attributed, of course, to the horrid example of romping and independent English and American girls. But now the evil is done. The French girl of the period would be as independent as the rest but for the institution of the dowry; and Mme. Adam wishes that that might go, too; for, after all, one sees that a stronger type of girlhood is likely to result. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page gives, with some elaborateness, the Southern view of the Negro problem, but he acknowledges that since the Census and the failure of the Lodge bill, it is not such a 'burning question' as it lately threatened to become. Mr. W. H. Crane represents the travelling theatrical show as 'The Modern Cart of Thespis,' the star actor being Thespis and the members of his company merely a sort of chorus. Mr. Gladstone's third article on 'The Olympian Religion' deals with its moral aspect. The morality of the Achaeans he rates as high as that of any people of their time, not excluding the Hebrews. In Notes and Comments, Mr. Chas. T. Copeland requests critics and readers in the phrase of Mr. Richard Swiveller to 'moderate their transports' about Mrs. Humphry Ward, and especially not to put her on the same pedestal with George Eliot. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons writes some elementary truths about 'Patriotism and Politics' and the purity of the ballot-box; and the Hon. John B. Weber and Mr. Charles Stewart Smith make a study of immigration under the title of 'Our National Dumping-Ground.'

There is a curious proclivity in some very able men to condemn what they can do best, and to decry their special talents and acquisitions in comparison with some perhaps inferior to their own. Macready despised the theatrical profession, and longed to be a politician. Robert Lowe, the successful politician and profound classical scholar, inveighed against classical learning. And now Mr. Hamerton, one of the most accomplished of modern linguists—who not only knows his classics, but writes French and German as readily as English—deprecates the study of languages, both ancient and modern. His article on this subject in the April *Forum* contains many amusing facts and much lively argumentation. But the two main arguments on which he rests his opinions, though commonplace to banality, are so weak that it is surprising to see them adopted by a reasoner of Mr. Hamerton's gifts. He tells us, as we have been told a hundred times before, that the ancient Greeks did remarkably well in their literature without the study of any foreign language. But this, with them, was a matter not of choice, but of necessity; and the plain answer to the argument is that if they did well without that advantage, they would assuredly have done much better with it. There was no other foreign language known to them which they could study with any benefit: for the only other civilized nations with whom they had intercourse, the Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians, had no literature, properly speaking. If the Greek authors could have learned Sanskrit, their crude notions of grammatical science and their childish ideas of etymology would have been immensely improved; and if they had read Confucius their philosophy, splendid but supersubtlet, might have gained the element which it chiefly lacked—that of 'saving commonsense.' The other argument affirms that students, after spending a great deal of time at school and college in learning various languages, are apt to neglect and lose much of their knowledge in after-years. But this objection applies equally to all other branches of instruction above the lowest—to the higher mathematics, to physics, to mental philosophy, and to political economy. The argument is simply a plea for ignorance, or at least for devoting all our earliest years to the studies required in the special pursuits which we expect to follow in after-life. The adoption of this

rule would be a death-blow to real scholarship and comprehensive statesmanship. When our institutions of learning shall be conducted on this narrow and selfish principle, we may bid farewell to our Gladstones and Garfields, our Lowells and our Hamertons. Prof. Freeman's 'Review of my Opinions,' in this number of *The Forum*, is noticed on another page.

The Popular Science Monthly has found that it pays to publish series of articles on subjects suited to its pages. Thus in the current number appears the second part of the fifteenth of Dr. Andrew D. White's 'New Chapters in the Warfare of Science,' the Church's treatment of Galileo being still under discussion; then there is the sixth of Mr. Carroll D. Wright's 'Lessons from the Census,' the 'lesson' this time concerning 'Rapid Transit'; and a fourteenth paper on 'The Development of American Industries since Columbus,' the making of 'Orchestral Musical Instruments' being described by Mr. Daniel Spillane; while two new series are begun—one on 'Science and Fine Art,' by Prof. Emil du Bois-Reymond, the other on 'Bad Air and Bad Health,' by H. Wager and A. Herbert. But these serials do not exclude single articles, such as Prof. D. S. Jordan's 'Agassiz at Penikese,' Prof. Joseph Jastrow's 'Involuntary Movements,' Prof. H. W. Conn's 'Bacteria in our Dairy Products,' Col. A. B. Ellis's account of the earthquake at Port Royal in 1692 and Mr. W. H. Larrabee's 'Variations in Climate.' Several of these papers are illustrated.

In the *Political Science Quarterly* for March, Prof. F. H. Giddings discusses the 'Nature of Political Majorities.' He agrees with Sir Henry Maine that popular majorities are likely to be conservative, but that progress will be ensured by the activity of the more intelligent few, whose opinions will be progressive, and whose influence will slowly but surely permeate the mass. Mr. Horace White criticises Boehm-Bawerk's theory of capital, recognizing the ability of the Austrian economist, but dissenting entirely from his views about the origin of interest, and giving good reasons for his dissent. Prof. J. B. Moore begins a series of articles on 'Asylums in Legations and in Vessels,' with the object of showing what the right of asylum in such places really is, as recognized in international law. His opening paper is an elaborate one, and will interest lawyers and students of international politics. The other articles in the *Quarterly* are merely historical, including one on 'The Finances of the Confederate States,' another on the old Council of Appointment in the State of New York and the first instalment of a paper on 'Irish Land Legislation.' The book-reviews, as usual, are one of the best features of the number.

'Public School Pioneering,' in the April *Educational Review*, is an attempt—a vigorous and able attempt—to prove that 'America is indebted to the Dutch rather than to the English for the essential principles of the great free-school system of the country, and that in the several most important steps which have marked the establishment and the development of that system, New York, and not Massachusetts, has led the way.' The author of this article is Mr. Andrew S. Draper, late State Superintendent of Public Instruction; and his arguments (amply annotated with references to authorities) is in reply to a year-old paper by Mr. George H. Martin, agent of the State Board of Education of Massachusetts. 'Can English Literature be Taught?' is asked by Mr. Brander Matthews, who thinks that when Mr. Churton Collins asserts and Mr. Andrew Lang denies the fact, they both take the question to mean, 'Can English literature be examined on?' The trouble in teaching literature, Mr. Matthews opines, is the scholastic tendency to confound literature and philology. There should be no professors of English literature and language; yet such abound in the colleges of the land—one of them laying undue stress on the sources of Shakespeare's vocabulary, the other wholly ignoring philological points, and creating only that 'contagion of interest in books' which Mr. Matthews declares should be the ideal constantly in the mind of the professor of English literature, if he is to earn his salary.

Boston Letter

THERE IS TALK at Harvard College of a new periodical, not one for the under-graduates, but a more mature magazine for the graduates. It would give a record of the life of the University and a record of the lives of the graduates. It would be published quarterly. Some twelve years ago Moses King, now well-known as a publisher of guide-books, was a student at Harvard, after having literally bounced through Philips Exeter Academy, jumping from class to class most enterprisingly, without waiting for the conventional steps from grade to grade. At Harvard, too, he skipped a year; but, with all his busy studying, he found time to start the best college magazine that I ever knew. It had the sanction of the Faculty, and, besides containing records of the alumni

and under-graduates, had special historical articles by professors of the College. But it was not a success financially, and, after about two years of struggling, dropped out of sight. The proposed new magazine, I understand, is to be edited somewhat upon the same line as King's *Harvard Register*, and its work would certainly be of use and of interest to Harvard men, past and present.

The death of the Rev. Frederic A. Farley, of Brooklyn, which has been recorded in *The Critic*, leaves the Rev. Dr. William H. Furness of Philadelphia, father of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespearian scholar, the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard. He was a member of the class of 1820, and is the last survivor of his class. He was also a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School class of 1823, and is now the oldest living alumnus of that school. In the college class of 1819 there are two names yet unstarred, but Mr. William H. Tillinghast, the assistant college Librarian and editor of the Catalogue, informs me that he has secured proofs of the death of Thomas L. Caldwell, one of those two members, and that there is practically little doubt but that the other, George S. Bourne, has also passed away, although no official record can be obtained. Dr. Furness is a native of Boston, and is now ninety years of age. He was ordained at the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia a year and a half after he left the Divinity School, and never changed his pastorate, remaining there for sixty-six years. I am informed by a gentleman who recently saw Dr. Furness that he shows scarcely any signs of age. He stoops slightly, but his eyesight and hearing are unimpaired and his vivacity unparalleled; he comes and goes whithersoever he will, and smokes a cigar—a friend of seventy years—every day. Dr. Furness, by the way—a fact not generally known,—was a kinsman of Wendell Phillips, and a close ally of that Abolitionist in the trying days before the War. The position of Dr. Furness in the last large free city on the borders of slavery was most hazardous in ante-bellum days, and his church was more than once in peril of being destroyed by the mob.

The many admirers of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's verse will be pleased to know that a new edition of her earlier poems is about to appear, under the title of 'Swallow Flights.' A notice has already been made elsewhere about the forthcoming book by Mrs. Moulton, but in a way that might lead to misconception. This new volume is not to contain any of her recent poems, but is simply a new edition of the volume published in Boston in 1877 as 'Poems,' but called 'Swallow Flights' in London, where it was published simultaneously. Ten poems of the 1877 epoch have, indeed, been added to this work, but the latest poems of Mrs. Moulton are reserved for a third volume.

I am requested by Mrs. D. Lothrop ('Margaret Sidney') to say that the reports that she is to assume the management of the publishing business of the D. Lothrop Co. are entirely without foundation. Mrs. Lothrop further says that the business goes on as usual, carrying out Mr. Lothrop's plans, with able and competent hands to manage it, her work and time and thought being put in as of old, but in a way calling for no public comment.

Now let me gather into one paragraph two brief items that will interest in turn artists and musicians. At the Museum of Fine Arts it is proposed to hold an exhibition during the present year of the works of John and Seth Wells Cheney. The managers are anxious to ascertain at once how many portraits by these artists they can obtain for exhibition. A number of Seth Wells Cheney's works, it will be remembered, had a local bearing, including the portraits of President Walker of Harvard College, and of Theodore Parker and his wife. It is now nearly thirty-two years since this artist in black and white passed away. He was a native of Connecticut; while his wife, Ednah Dow Cheney, the author, was born in Boston. The remarkable success that attended the semi-private performance of 'Parsifal' a year ago has led Mr. B. J. Lang to plan another similar performance on the 4th of May, on which occasion the orchestra will be brought from New York, the singers will be taken from the German opera casts, and admission will be allowed only to those who receive an invitation and are then willing to pay \$5 a ticket.

A book of extraordinary interest is to be sold in Boston shortly. It is a copy of the first edition of Poe's 'Tamerlane,' and so far as investigation shows, is the only copy in existence save one possessed by the British Museum. It is supposed that this edition of 1827 was simply printed, not published, and supposition further leads to the idea that Poe, being then an unknown author and a poor man, had taken his book to a Boston printer, Calvin T. S. Thomas, who was but little known (for his name is found only in the one directory of 1827), and had induced him to print the work for a certain sum. Then, as the supposition goes, Poe found himself unable to obtain the necessary money, but in some way did obtain a fraction of the amount due, and with that five or ten dollars, whatever it may have

been, secured perhaps half a dozen copies from Mr. Thomas. One of these was sent to *The North American Review* and the other to *The United States Review and Literary Gazette*. What was done with the other copies is not known. It is certain, however, that the little work was never put in circulation, and these two existing copies are naturally of greatest interest to book collectors. The special history of this one copy, which is to be sold in Boston shortly, remains unknown, but it is said that its owner, who was at first willing to sell the book for \$100, after obtaining an inkling of its value raised the price to \$250, and then before any sale was concluded received an offer of \$500 for the little volume. Now the auctioneer expects to obtain at least \$750. The copy in the British Museum was purchased by that institution on Oct. 10, 1867. The publisher of the pamphlet was in the job printing business on the corner of Washington Street and State Street, but no one seems to know much of his local history.

A reception and dinner in honor of the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, who has just passed his seventieth birthday, has been arranged for April 18th, the request for the celebration being signed by Gov. Russell, John G. Whittier, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, Richard Watson Gilder, Julia Ward Howe, the Hon. John D. Long, Bishop Phillips Brooks, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Rev. P. S. Moxom, Mary A. Livermore, the Hon George F. Hoar, Mr. W. D. Howells and many others.

BOSTON, April 12, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

WE ARE in our usual quasi-comatose state before the commencement of the London season. We do a good many things, and really get through a fair amount of literary and artistic sightseeing, but there is no excitement, no 'craze' in London at the present moment. People went to Mr. Whistler's 'show' on a dull Saturday afternoon, chiefly because it was Saturday, and there was nothing else to do, except to go and see the great football match at the Oval, which cleared off some 32,000 of our surplus population, I am told. That still left a few to go and see Mr. Whistler's pictures, however; and those who preferred the warmth and comfort of an indoor entertainment to the more riotous fun at the spacious grounds 'on the Surrey side of the River' were rewarded by passing a very pleasant and tolerably peaceful afternoon. Within his own boundaries, there can be no question that Mr. Whistler is an original and talented artist, and his earlier pictures—before he took to being grotesque—are many of them extremely delightful. It is silly to call paintings 'Symphonies' and 'Nocturnes'—one can hardly imagine so clever a man as Mr. Whistler condescending to such catch-penny trickeries. It is like the ingenuity which we occasionally find displayed by lovers of furniture gifted with an insane desire to turn every article to a use for which it had not been originally designed. Thus, we find a fire-guard doing duty for a baby's cradle, and flowers and plants growing out of the coal-scuttle. A 'Nocturne' or a 'Symphony,' to plain people, means a piece of music: where is the humor of applying the name to a water-color drawing? But Mr. Whistler's 'Old Battersea Bridge' is what it is given out to be, a landscape, and a very fine one, broad in stroke, and harmonious in color. Looking at it, one cannot but wonder that the hand which limned such a scene should descend to do so much that is weak, absurd and fantastic in these later times.

At the Society of Antiquaries, ten days ago, there was an exciting battle over Lincoln Cathedral, it being apparently the purpose of the Dean and Chapter to pull down the north walk of the cloister, with the library, over it, built in 1675 by Sir Christopher Wren. Wren's work, say these dignitaries, is 'a blot on the cloister'; and they desire to replace it by an imitation of the other three sides of the cloister, which are of fourteenth-century date. This act of vandalism rouses the blood of the Antiquaries. Wren's work, they retort, is 'a good piece of architecture, well fitted to its place, and convenient for the uses for which it was intended, whilst the substitution of new work will be a falsification of history,' etc., etc., etc. The result of the meeting was that a copy of the Antiquaries' protest was unanimously voted to be forwarded to the Dean and Chapter, who, it is to be hoped, will give ear to the outcry of so venerable a body.

I have before me, as I write, a sketch of Lincoln Cathedral in an old *Penny Magazine* for 1833, to which is appended an account of the noble structure, one of the finest in England, deeply interesting to read. As early as the year 1092, the first cathedral, as it is called, was erected; and the present magnificent edifice is still the original one, only in part rebuilt and greatly enlarged. An earthquake, which, in 1185, threw down some of the main building, was the cause of this reconstruction and enlargement; and so great was the zeal of the saintly prelate who undertook the work that we

are told by Matthew Paris 'he would not infrequently carry the stones and mortar on his own pious shoulders for the use of the masons.' The Cathedral of Lincoln was, in old times, celebrated for the extraordinary splendor of its shrines and other decorations; and although some of these, and most of the richly-sculptured tombs, were destroyed at the time of the Commonwealth, enough still remain to make it one of the most striking of historic temples. Unfortunately it has of late become associated in our minds with scenes not the most edifying nor creditable to the religious world.

There is an old Scottish ballad, one of whose lines runs thus:—'And Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.' It would almost seem that the same idea might apply to the American poet whose claims hitherto have been hardly sufficiently recognized by English people. Walt Whitman 'dead,' his name is at once on everybody's tongue, and his genius the theme of everybody's pen. Said a great lawyer and ex-Lord Chancellor to me yesterday on the subject, 'I never thought of reading Walt Whitman before, and now I feel quite ashamed of myself.' A few hours afterwards I met him again: 'I don't feel in the least ashamed of myself,' he said; 'I find that everybody is in the same boat!' But the simple truth is that the taste for Walt Whitman is an acquired taste; and I, for one, very much doubt our ever acquiring it in the mother country. We may cease to dispute Whitman's claims to rank as a powerful and original plain-dealer with facts, but we do not like his rugged modes of treatment, and his lack of reticence jars upon our taste.

An interesting book for political men is the 'Secret Service Under Pitt,' by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, in which many curious traits are revealed. The chief thing, perhaps, that will strike an impartial reader was the very poor pay received by some whose whole existence was spent in a mean, underhand, degrading occupation. An informant, one Samuel Turner, who rendered Pitt faithful service during the greater part of his life, received only the pitiful remuneration of three hundred a year! Of course spies are a despicable race,—but even a hangman ought to receive suitable compensation if he does his dreadful duty well.

A far pleasanter volume than the above is Mr. Whymper's account of his 'Travels Among the Great Andes,' which has been promised us for the past eleven years, and which we had grown to consider in the light of a myth. We may now forgive the writer and explorer. It is a vast deal better to keep an expectant public eleven years waiting for such a book as the one now before us, than to twaddle on annually about discoveries and explorations for the mere sake of twaddling, and being in print, when nothing has really been achieved or discovered. In Mr. Whymper's delightful volume, we have not only a marvellous record of travel, but a valuable contribution to the geography and natural history of a part of the world about which little is generally known.

The Life of Spurgeon published by Messrs. Alabaster & Passmore, is very much what might be expected from the source whence it has sprung. It is of course, interesting—no Life of Spurgeon could help being interesting,—and one feels that it is a very faithful transcript of the great preacher's career seen entirely from one point of view. It is as the Baptist minister, the pastor of the London Tabernacle, the founder of the College for training pious dissenting youth, and of the Orphanage, with which his name will forever be associated—it is in each of these garbs successively that we behold Charles Spurgeon,—but we look in vain for any delineation of the man of world-wide sympathies, the indomitable champion of humanity in every form. Nor can it be said that the present memoir is eminently happy even in its modest aim of presenting to our view the pastor in his ordinary life. There are annals of its great events—(with all the speeches made on each occasion),—and we are carefully informed of each successive achievement of how money flowed in for this subject and that,—but of the man, the living, thinking, feeling man—of his own character and disposition, of the development of his powers and genius, and on the other hand of his struggles with failings and shortcomings, we learn nothing that we did not know before. It was a pity to entrust such a work to a Baptist *confrère*; and elder of the Tabernacle though the publisher be, I hope yet he may bring out a biography of more cosmopolitan interest.

The Booksellers' Dinner preceded that of the journalists, and possibly outshone it. The speeches at both, however, were said to be excellent. Much regret was expressed at the condition of Mr. John Murray who continues absolutely prostrate, and regarding whom grave fears are entertained. [Mr. Murray has since died.] Functions of this sort seem to be gradually taking more hold in London than they used to do.

I have only heard Miss Seawell's essay which stirred up so greatly the souls of American women once alluded to on this side of the Atlantic, and it was this remark which, blandly uttered, fell upon my ear:—'How odd Americans are. They do like to

make a fuss, don't they? Some woman has been writing something about women, and all the women are up in arms!' It would, you see, take a good deal more that what Miss Seawell herself calls her 'guileless essay' to ruffle the calm surface of an Englishwoman's spirit. It is only here and there that a 'Woman's Rights' orator or agitator finds anything worth a 'fuss.' When dim echoes of clattering tongues raised in offence or defence of a mere matter of opinion, vibrate faintly across the Atlantic, shall I tell you what we Englishwomen do? We simply lift our eyebrows: we cannot understand it.

L. B. WALFORD.

Poe's Connection with *Graham's Magazine*

MR. CHARLES ALDRICH of Webster City, Iowa, sends us a copy of the following interesting letter from Poe, the original of which has been presented to him for the Aldrich Collection in the Iowa State Library by the Hon. John A. Kasson, to whom it was given some thirty years ago by a relative of Mr. Bryan. So far as we know, it has never before been seen in print:—

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR:—Upon my return from a brief visit to New York a day or two since, I found your kind and welcome letter of June 27.

What you say in respect to 'verses' enclosed to myself has occasioned me some surprise. I have certainly received none. My connection with *Graham's Magazine* ceased with the May number, which was completed by the 1st of April—since which period the editorial conduct of the journal has rested with Mr. Griswold. You observe that the poem was sent about three weeks since. Can it be possible that the present editors have thought it proper to open letters addressed to myself, because addressed to myself as 'Editor of *Graham's Magazine*'? I know not how to escape from this conclusion; and now distinctly remember that, although in the habit of receiving many letters daily, before quitting the office, I have not received more than a half dozen during the whole period since elapsed; and none of those received were addressed to me as 'Editor of *G. Magazine*' What to say or do in a case like this I really do not know. I have no quarrel with either Mr. Graham or Mr. Griswold—although I hold neither in especial respect. I have much aversion to communicate with them in any way, and, perhaps, it would be best that you should address them yourself, demanding the MS.

Many thanks for your kind wishes. I hope the time is not far distant when they may be realized. I am making earnest although secret exertions to resume my project of the *Penn Magazine*, and have every confidence that I shall succeed in issuing the first number on the first of January. You may remember that it was my original design to issue it on the first of January, 1841. I was induced to abandon the project at that period by the representations of Mr. Graham. He said that if I would join him as a salaried editor, giving up, for the time, my own scheme, he himself would unite with me at the expiration of six months, or certainly at the end of a year. As Mr. G. was a man of capital and I had no money, I thought it most prudent to fall in with his views. The result has proved his want of faith and my own folly. In fact, I was continually laboring against myself. Every exertion made by myself for the benefit of *Graham*, by rendering that Mag. a greater source of profit, rendered its owner at the same time less willing to keep his word with me. At the time of our bargain (a verbal one) he had 6000 subscribers—when I left him he had more than 40,000. It is no wonder that he has been tempted to leave me in the lurch.

I had nearly 1000 subscribers with which to have started the *Penn*, and, with these as a beginning, it would have been my own fault had I failed. There may be still three or four hundred who will stand by me, of the old list, and, in the interval between this period and the first of January, I will use every endeavor to procure others. You are aware that, in my circumstances, a single name, in advance, is worth ten after the issue of the book; for it is upon my list of subscribers that I must depend for the bargain to be made with a partner possessing capital, or with a publisher. If, therefore, you can aid me in Alexandria, with even a single name, I shall feel deeply indebted to your friendship.

I feel that now is the time to strike. The delay, after all, will do me no injury. My conduct of *Graham* has rendered me better and (I hope) more favorably known than before. I am anxious, above all things, to render the journal one in which the *true*, in contradistinction from the merely factitious, genius of the country shall be represented. I shall yield nothing to great names—nor to the circumstances of position. I shall make war to the knife against the New England assumption of 'All the decency and all the talent' which has been so disgustingly manifested in the Rev. Rufus W.

Griswold's 'Poets and Poetry of America.' But I am boring you with my egotism. May I hope to hear from you in reply? I am, with sincere respect and esteem, your ob't Servt.,

EDGAR A. POE.

DANL. BRYAN, ESQ., ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

P.S.—I have not seen the 'attack' to which you have reference. Could it have been in a Philadelphia paper?

The Lounger

A LADY, having read a glowing advertisement of some fine Carrara marble statuary for sale in the 'art annex' of a large shop of the Macy and Wanamaker sort, in Third Avenue, made a pilgrimage in quest of it, with a well-filled purse in her pocket. A clever young Italian sculptor accompanied her. Stating their errand, they were shown at once into the 'annex,' where busts and statues of many subjects were ranged around. 'Are these the Carrara marbles?' the lady queried. 'Yes, madam,' responded the sleek salesman. 'I beg your pardon,' interposed the young sculptor; 'I come from Carrara, and I know that this is not Carrara marble.' The salesman offered to bet that it was, but being taken up, thought better of it. 'Well, it's what we call Carrara marble, anyway,' he protested. 'But you oughtn't to,' said the sculptor, 'for so far from its being Carrara marble, it isn't marble of any kind, and you know it. It is nothing but boiled alabaster, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for palming it off on people who don't know what marble is.' At this the dealer fairly gasped; but as soon as he had recovered himself, he besought the too-well-informed young gentleman not to betray the secrets of the charnel-house. As he failed to exact a promise, it is possible that there will be a slight falling-off in the spring trade in 'Carrara marble' from the quarry where these specimens were obtained.

A WRITER IN *Blackwood's* has made the awful discovery that Paderewski's name, if put into plain English, would be Pattison! I have been told that only three persons actually saw the pianist off when he sailed from New York. One of these was a newspaper man, the other two were enthusiastic young ladies. The steamer sailed at seven o'clock in the morning, and as the young ladies lived pretty far up-town, they got up at four o'clock to be at the pier in time. It was the cheerless hour of six when they climbed up the gangway to wish the distinguished Pole *Bon voyage*. He was all alone, the friends who had come down to the steamer with him having gone back to their beds an hour before. He looked very unhappy and lonely in the cold light of that early morning hour, but his face took on a much brighter look when the little party bore down upon him with flowers and farewells. He was really very much touched by the attention; and it was worth appreciation, as anyone knows who has turned out of a comfortable bed at 4 A.M. Paderewski received a great deal of devotion while he was in this country, but I know of nothing that approaches this early morning act.

MR. THOMAS HARDY has recently passed through the ordeal of an interview and come out of it as unruffled as an American politician would be in the same circumstances. The interviewer asked him why, in his latest novel, he gave Tess so sad an ending; to which he replied:—'For the simple reason that I could not help myself. I hate the optimistic grin which ends a story happily, merely to suit conventional ideas.' When he got to the middle of the story, he added, 'the characters took their fates into their own hands, and I literally had no power.'

THAT MR. HARDY is, in a sense, a realist is shown by his remarks later on in this interview:—

I hate word-painting. I never try to do it; all I endeavor is to give an impression of a scene as it strikes me. For instance, Stonehenge I describe exactly as I saw it on that sad day, when I decided Tess must die—can I ever forget the misery of that day? There was the lowering sky, and the wind booming past the great temple of the Druids; I always go to a place first before attempting to describe it. I went purposely to Winchester that I might know what to say when I described Angel Clare and her sister climbing up the hill to see the black flag run up that was to announce the doom of Tess.

Not only does Mr. Hardy take scenes from nature, but he draws his characters from real life:—

As a boy I knew those three dairy-maids well. The old clergyman was a much-loved vicar in this very neighborhood. Bathsheba Everdene, in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' was my own aunt. Now and again real people with their own names walk into my pages. Do you remember Admiral Hardy in 'The Trumpet Major'? Well, there he is'; and Mr. Hardy pointed to the portrait of a handsome old naval officer that hung upon the wall; 'that is Sir Thomas Hardy in whose

arms Nelson died; he was a relation of mine. Then "Shepherd Oak" I knew well when I was a boy.'

THESE SIMPLE COUNTRY PEOPLE he finds have 'far more sentiment and romance than the class above them, which has a struggle ever going on within its ranks for petty social superiority. If you live among these people you will find after a time that variety takes the place of monotony.' I fully agree with Mr. Hardy on this point; and I never pass a summer in the country town that I know and love the best without wishing that I were a Hawthorne, or even a Mary Wilkins, that I might put into literature the tragedies and comedies that I see enacted in daily life.

W. R. B. WRITES from Short Hills, N. J.:—'In a volume of poems recently collected by Mr. Rossiter Johnson, and also in a collection made by Mr. Epes Sargent, is an error, or compiler's change, which needs correction before it has time to become permanent. It is in the beautiful "Carmen Bellicosum," written by Guy Humphrey McMaster, where "the bare-headed colonel," who is seen galloping "through the white infernal powder-cloud," is turned by the compilers into an "old fashioned colonel"! This change calls for a foot-note to explain what an old-fashioned colonel is. The author of the lyric, as you probably know, described the colonel as "bare-headed"; made bare-headed, perhaps, by "the swift storm drift" that was breaking upon him. The scene was in the time of the Revolution; when

In their ragged regiments
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not.

Although these men were ragged, there was nothing "old-fashioned" about them or their colonel. The Revolution was the craze of 1776. Every man who promoted it was in the fashion. Many of them, before they got through with it, were not only bare-headed, but bare-footed. So, no doubt, was the colonel.'

MR. WILLIAM WESTALL protests in *The Author* (London) against the solecism 'I intended to have seen him' for 'I intended to see him,' or 'It would have been impolitic to have refused the invitation' for 'It would have been impolitic to refuse the invitation.' 'This mistake is committed by our best writers and speakers,' he declares. 'You find it everywhere—in the *Times*, and *The Saturday Review*, and the works of John Ruskin and Charles Reade, not to mention less shining lights. Why, I wonder, should so gross an error be more leniently regarded that the occasional dropping of an aitch, or the aspiration of a word which begins with a vowel?' Yet no doubt if it suited the *Saturday's* purpose, the mistake would be calmly put down as an 'Americanism.' It is probably as common here, by the way, as in the old country.

IT IS SELDOM that a singer is rewarded with such loud, spontaneous and prolonged applause as followed the singing of three songs by Mrs. Julia L. Wyman at the Seidl concert at the Lenox Lyceum last Sunday night. Massenet's 'Bonne Nuit'—an exquisite thing in itself—was sung inimitably well, and had to be repeated. Mrs. Wyman (a Western woman) is rapidly coming to the front in the musical world here.

IN AN ARTICLE in *The Independent* on Mr. Kipling's sudden rise to popularity after an interview in the London *World* and a book-review in the *Times*, Mr. Arthur Reed Kimball gives this interesting glimpse of the famous young author at work:—

Kipling's methods were strictly reportorial, after a literalness that would delight Howells. For example, their rooms were just off the Thames Embankment, near the Waterloo Bridge. This is a quarter frequented at night by many of the rough-and-ready characters which have figured in some of Kipling's later stories. Of a summer evening Kipling would draw his lounge up to the window, leaving the window-open, and lie there, pencil in hand, listening, jotting down any of the coarse repartee that seemed to him unusually funny, or the racy talk that seemed to him typical of the class. He thus gathered not a little material, which he worked literally into his pages. We talk of genius originating characters and their queer mannerisms. Yet much of what we take for clever originality is only the capacity for seeing things others pass by.

The Athenaeum has been obliged to leave its old offices in Took's Court, Chancery Lane, and move into new quarters. We in this country are very fond of moving into new quarters, but they don't like it so well in England, though this removal was celebrated with a dinner, at which *The Athenaeum's* editor, Mr. MacColl, presided, and at which most of the leading publishers were present. I shall not forget very soon my efforts to find *The Athenaeum's* office, about six years ago. I gave the address to the cab-driver

—a particularly intelligent man, for one of his calling, who yet had never driven his Pegasus through the devious paths of literary London. At last, after much difficulty, we found Chancery Lane, and Took's Court running into it. Took's Court was too narrow for the cab to drive into, so it waited for me in the Lane, while I penetrated passage between two rows of black buildings. Up in Mr. MacColl's editorial rooms it was pleasant enough—so pleasant, in fact, that I hate to think that they are no longer where they were.

The Fine Arts

Zilcken's Etchings at the Grolier Club

A NEARLY COMPLETE collection of the etchings of Philip Zilcken is on exhibition at the Grolier Club. The artist is one of the most interesting of the clever band of etchers that has lately arisen in Holland. His works are extremely various, comprising portraits, landscapes, still-life and reproductions of paintings. In most of the latter the etcher has preserved his independence and is not dominated by the painter's manner. The studies after Maris, Israels, Mauve and Mesdag show no concern about reproducing effects of brush-work and the like, but give simply what the etcher would have given if he had himself chosen the motive. Merely a large 'soft ground' etching on zinc of 'Tribourg' reproduces quite naturally something of the sparkle and the transparency of the original charcoal drawing by Maris. Zilcken works best direct from nature, and often his first 'states,' when shown, are better than the last. Thus his head of an 'Old Fisherman,' in the first state, slightly bitten, is full of delicate modeling, much of which is lost in the more effective finished state. Occasionally the different states are really different motives. 'Near Delftshaven: 2d and 3d states' are a day and a night effect in the same spot; and when working deliberately from a copy the interest grows with the finish, but the rule as regards his original work is as we have stated it. It shows quick observation and a sure hand, and these, with a thorough appreciation of the picturesque, are his best qualities.

Art Notes

ON THURSDAY and Friday of last week the American Art Association sold at auction, at Chickering Hall, the collection of oil-paintings and water-colors belonging to the estate of the late R. Austin Robertson, of the Association. The sale had been widely advertised, and as the collection was known to be a valuable one, there was a good attendance, the bidding was active, and excellent prices were obtained, some of the most noteworthy being \$27,000 for Troyon's 'Le Paysage du Bac,' \$13,000 paid by Mr. Potter Palmer of Chicago for Delacroix's 'Lion Hunt' and \$6350 paid by the same purchaser for the same painter's 'Arab Cavalier Attacked by a Lion,' \$12,500 for Diaz's 'Le Parc des Bœufs,' \$12,000 for Millet's 'Paysage d'Auvergne,' \$7700 for Rousseau's 'Forest of Compiegne' and \$9000 for his 'Forest in Winter,' \$7400 for Rousseau's 'A Plain in Berri—Sunset,' \$9000 for Rembrandt van Rhyn's 'Homme d'Armes,' \$4000 for Van Marcke's 'Brown Cow' and \$4050 for his 'Landscape and Cattle,' \$4600 for Dupré's 'Open Sea,' \$4600 for his 'Early Morning' and \$4700 for his 'Evening Twilight,' \$4100 for Corot's 'Village in Normandy,' \$6000 for Cazin's 'Halt of the Travellers before Night,' \$4100 for his 'Home of the Artist' and \$4500 for Delacroix's 'Lion Devouring a Goat.' The 150 paintings brought altogether \$270,380—an average of \$1733. Mr. Robertson's porcelains, ivory carvings, lacquers and embroideries were sold at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, on the same two days, for \$6280. The Association's bronzes, enamels, etc., were sold this week.

Seventy-seven paintings belonging to Senhor Salvador de Mendonca, Brazilian Minister at Washington, principally of the Barbizon school, were sold at Chickering Hall on the 6th inst. for \$22,580—an average of \$293.

M. Saulnier of Bordeaux put up for sale, in 1886, a dozen paintings by Millet, Corot, Delacroix, etc., but bought them all in again, the prices bid being unsatisfactory. The collection has recently been sold in Paris at a considerable advance on the prices offered in 1886. 'The Bather,' by Millet, bought in for \$5,820, brought \$9,600. The twelve pictures brought in all \$27,461 as against \$15,212, the price at which they were bought in, five or six years ago.

Mr. Walter Crane, in answer to a question, writes to the *Tribune* that his works have been exhibited in Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis by special invitation of the art museums and other institutions, but that the negotiations for their exhibition in this city have failed of a happy issue. They will be shown at the Art Club in Philadelphia, and in May at the Brooklyn Institute.

—The Art Congress which *Kate Field's Washington* has sought to bring about will be held at the national Capital on May 15. Its object is to create a sentiment in favor of exempting imported works of art from the present illiberal and uncalled-for custom-house tax. In connection with the Congress, a loan exhibition will be held in the Chapel of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mrs. Harrison will give a reception at the White House. It is to be hoped the present movement will be more successful than others that have been made to the same desirable end.

—Mrs. Fanny Field Hering has spent two years in the preparation of a Life of Gérôme, the French painter, which the Cassell Publishing Co. will issue in a few weeks. M. Gérôme has written a preface and made a number of sketches for the work and has furnished extracts from his letters and journals for publication. There will be an introduction by Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, and quotations from numerous critics from Baudelaire and Gautier to Hamerton and Mrs. Stranahan. The large folio will be illustrated with ninety-five photogravures and photo-etchings.

—As several persons have recently been studying in the line of Mr. Edward Robinson of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, who has an article in the current *Century* on the question whether the Greeks painted their statues, it is perhaps only just to that writer to say that this article is based upon a lecture delivered by the author in January 1890, in New York, in the studio of the sculptor Mr. Daniel C. French.

Prof. Freeman's "Opinions"

THE SUDDEN and deplorable taking off of the great English historian, at a time when, despite his nearly seventy years, his pen was busiest and his mental powers apparently at their highest, lends a peculiar interest to the self-revelations made in his article which appears in the April *Forum*, entitled 'A Review of My Opinions.' This article, written in February (as its readers are informed), must have left his hand only a few days before he was attacked by the disease which brought his brilliant career to a close. The disclosures it makes will be welcome to many thousands who knew more of his works than of the man, and who will now read his books with a livelier interest and an increased respect.

Many who have been accustomed to the frequent references to his University in nearly all his writings will learn with some surprise that he was not a college recluse, but that for the greater part of his life—that is, for the thirty-six years that elapsed from his leaving Oxford in 1848 to his return as Professor of Modern History in 1884,—he led the active life of a country gentleman. He was a magistrate for Somersetshire, did his part in quarter-sessions, and in 1868 went through an unsuccessful Parliamentary contest for Mid-Somerset. He avoided London with more than the usual country-gentleman's dislike of the great city, feeling sure, as he says, 'that the purely London man is the narrowest of all men, the most likely blindly to respect the formula of his party or his set.' Of this quality of mind Mr. Freeman had no touch. Born in a Tory family, and bred in the strictest Conservative tenets, he had emancipated himself from these mental shackles at the age of twenty, and had become a Liberal and a Home Ruler. His political views had in fact passed through the same stages as those of Gladstone, but in a speedier course. Though thirteen years younger than the famous English statesman, his conversion to liberalism took place earlier. 'Mr. Gladstone,' he writes, 'is my leader in the sense of a captain; he is not my leader in the sense of a teacher.' His liberalism, he informs us, began with Home Rule in the larger sense—that is, in a general sympathy with oppressed classes and nationalities,—with the Greeks in their struggles with the Turks, and with the Balkan peoples in their struggles against Austria and Russia. He was everywhere on the side of freedom against force, his political ideas being in this respect the exact opposite of Carlyle's.

For his style he avows his great indebtedness to Macaulay's influence. 'I have learned from him,' he tells us, 'to say what I mean and to mean what I say—to cut my sentences short—not to be afraid of repeating the same word, not to talk about "the former" and "the latter," but to call men and things whatever they are.' But Freeman's style had peculiar merits of its own, flowing naturally from the strong traits of his character—his devotion to truth, his independence of thought, and his dislike of self-assertion. The two great English historians of our century, with whom he will be most naturally compared or contrasted, are Macaulay and Carlyle. Both of these, while superior in certain literary qualities to Freeman, had a desire for displaying their powers, and an over-eagerness in advocating their opinions, which to some extent mar the effect of their best works. On the other hand it must be admitted that the scrupulous truthfulness and impartiality of Freeman are carried to an extent which disturbs the literary sense of proportion. His anxiety to set forth fully and fairly both sides of every ques-

tion, and to tell the whole truth even in its minutiae, leads to a prolixity which is occasionally wearisome. His voluminous work on the Norman Conquest could easily, by either of the two greatest of modern historians, Gibbon or Bancroft, have been reduced to half its compass, with little loss to the reader, and much gain in clearness and effect. Yet it must be added that this very fault—if such it is to be deemed—in Freeman's method increases our respect for the man, and adds to our confidence in his productions. One may feel assured that these will grow in reputation with time, will always be quoted as safe authorities, and will be guides of indispensable value to scholars whose researches lead them into the fields occupied by these great works.

A Word About Walt Whitman

THE PERSISTENCE of prejudice is illustrated by various phases of Walt Whitman's reputation at home and abroad. In spite of the appreciative sympathy of fellow-poets who feel the wide swing of his imagination and the force of its literary expression, in spite of the tardy acknowledgments of critics who have gradually learned to find power and melody in some of his rugged verse, it cannot be said that the venerable bard is widely honored in his own country. Songs which celebrate the toils and pleasures of the masses have thus far found small audience among the common people of the nation, being read chiefly by the cultivated few. Aristocratic rhymesters, weavers of triolets and madrigals, have reached a greater number of humble homes than this prophet of democracy, and the toilers of the land care more for jingles than for the barbaric majesty of his irregular measures. The poet of the people is neglected by the people, while the works of scholarly singers like Longfellow and Bryant find a place in every farmer's library.

Humanity does not enjoy the scientific method of reasoning from facts to theories, preferring unphilosophically to adjust the facts to its preconceived ideas. In this country we are proud of the swift conquests of civilization, and too willing to forget the free simplicity and uncouth heroism of pioneer times. We boast of our borrowed culture and keep our truly great achievements in the background. We look forward to a powerful future and too often obliterate the memory of a valiant past, allowing details to slip unrecorded into oblivion which might serve as the foundation of epics as majestic as Homer's. Reason about it as we will, Americans have an instinctive feeling that the formative period of the national character should be out of sight and out of mind as soon as possible, so that our virgin republic may at once take a place of assured wisdom among the gray and hardened dames of the old world, decked like them with the splendid trophies of twenty centuries of civilization.

Walt Whitman tries to arrest this ill-directed current of false vanity, to reveal to the nation her true glory of physical and moral prowess, to unveil a superb figure of strong and courageous youth playing a new part in the world with all of youth's tameless energy and daring. He finds her achievements beautiful and heroic, worthy to be celebrated and immortalized by art, and feels that the adornments of culture and civilization must be gradually wrought out from her own consciousness, not imitated from outworn models or adopted ready-made. Thus he strives to discard from his singing all the incidents of American life which are not indigenous to American soil, bringing himself closely in contact with the primeval elements of nature and of man.

Long I roamed the woods of the North—long I watched Niagara pouring;

I travelled the prairies over, and slept on their breast—I crossed the Nevadas, I crossed the plateaus;

I ascended the towering rocks along the Pacific, I sailed out to sea; I sailed through the storm, I was refreshed by the storm.

Then from the majesty of ocean and plain to the higher majesty of cities:

What, to pavements and homesteads here—what were those storms of the mountains and sea?

What, to passions I witness around me to-day, was the sea risen?

The glory of cataracts and thunders, of crowds and wars, appeals to him for utterance, and with the scrupulous loyalty of a true poet he does his utmost to answer the call. Whether his answer is adequate or not, we must honor his fidelity. The spirit of modern criticism becomes too finical, too much a command that the aspirant should fling away ambition, should be content with pleasant little valleys, and avoid the unexplored heights where precipices and avalanches threaten to destroy. This spirit is a blight upon all high endeavor, and he who resists it and travels upward, even though he fall exhausted by the wayside, achieves a nobler success than a thousand petty triumphs could have brought him.

It is too soon for the world to decide how far this barbaric poet has fulfilled his mission. At present the mass of his countrymen

brush aside his writings with a gesture of contempt, finding there what they most wish to forget—a faithful reflection of the rudeness, the unsettled vastness, the formlessness of an epoch out of which much of our country has hardly yet emerged. But theirs is not the final verdict; their desire to be credited with all the decorative embellishments which older states enjoy may yield when ours shall have won these ornaments and learned to regret the old unadorned strength and simplicity. Races which have passed their youth appreciate these vigorous qualities, which put them once more in touch with primitive nature, with the morning, with the wisdom of children, which is, after all, the serenest wisdom. Thus in England Walt Whitman's singing has thus far been more effectual than at home. There his work humors the prepossessions of the people, who find in him the incarnation of young democracy. To minds puzzled by the formality of other American poets, by Longfellow's academic precision, Whittier's use of time-worn measures, and Poe's love of rich orchestral effects of rhythm, Whitman's scorn of prosodical rules and of the accepted limitations of artistic decorum brings the revelation of something new in the brown old world. They greet him as a poet fresh from the wilds of which, to their persistent ignorance, both Americas are still made up. To them his songs seem as free and trackless as his native prairies, revealing once more the austerity and joyousness of primeval nature, so different from their elaborate civilization. It is possible that the next century of our own national life may find the same relief in his open-air honesty and moral ruggedness. It may turn to him to gain ideal comprehension of the forces which peopled this continent and redeemed its wastes from barrenness. His poetry is unruly and formless, but so were the times it mirrors—no harmony of fulfilment, but a chaos of forces struggling and toiling together for the evolution of a great nation. He sweeps the continent and gathers up all he finds, good, bad and indifferent, serenely conscious that to omniscience all is good, that to omnipotence all is important. The result is not art, perhaps; for art chooses and combines, gives form and life and color to nature's elements of truth. Art realizes the limitations of our finite humanity, appreciates our poverty of time for the multitudinous objects of thought, and indulgently omits all that is trivial and inessential from her epitome of truth. What does not emphasize she discards; to her fine judgment an hundred details serve but to weaken the force of one. Thus Walt Whitman may never be called an artist. What he finds he gives us with all the exact faithfulness of an inventory. In the mass of his discoveries there is much that is precious, many a treasure of rare and noble beauty; but its beauty is that of rich quartz, of uncut jewels, rather than that of the coin and the cameo. He offers us a collection of specimens from the splendid laboratory of nature. It will scarcely be strange if the future guards them in cabinets instead of circulating them far and wide among the people.

HARRIET MONROE.

PERSONALIA

MR. WHITMAN'S estate has been found to amount to \$2000, besides the house he died in, valued at about \$1500. His sister is reported to be his heiress. A plan is on foot to purchase the house and keep it as a memorial of the poet.

A gentleman living in Cambridge, Mass. (not Col. Higginson), sends us a note from which we quote this paragraph:—"In one of very numerous and interesting conversations which I had with the late Dr. Hedge, who was an intimate and lifelong friend of Emerson, he said to me that Emerson was greatly displeased by the use which Mr. Whitman had made of a private letter written by him, in characteristic kindness to a then young and unknown author, of whom he had read only a few pages at most,—publishing it (if I remember the circumstance correctly) without permission in the preface to a later edition of the "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Emerson was a severe purist in whatever (as he considered) touched the ethics of literature; and he was deeply mortified and offended to find himself quoted, afterwards, as in a sense a sponsor for some later expressions of Mr. Whitman's muse."

The Pall Mall Gazette of March 28 devotes two of its long, broad columns to Walt Whitman, for whom it raised a fund of \$405. in December, 1887; the letter in which he acknowledged the draft is printed in facsimile in the *Budget*. *The St. James's Budget*, on the other hand, in a prolix article by Mr. H. D. Traill, does its best to prove, mainly by reiterating the assertion, that W. W. is not a poet, and that posterity cannot reverse this judgment, let it seek to ever so hard. It is a concession on Mr. Traill's part to admit posterity's right to try, even though he refuse in advance to accept a verdict that differs from his own. Yet, failing to know what Mr. Traill has decided, posterity will be just as self-confident as if this judge had not overruled its decision before learning what it was.

The Literary World, Boston, exclaims:—‘Surely Walt Whitman was a great and unique poet, and now he is passed to the world where his imagination will meet the music that here it sought not; while in this world his name and his voice will be long remembered, and fragments of his strange, impassioned chant will survive among the echoes of “the dark backward and abysm of time.”’ And its New York correspondent writes:—‘It is safe to say that in no other city in this country, and in no other city in the world, with the possible exception of London, was sorrow at the death of Walt Whitman felt so deeply as in New York.’

♦, writing in the London *Speaker*, declares of the aged bard.—‘He always sent away his saner visitors greatly invigorated, even in his latest years, when illness had painfully increased upon him. He conveyed his unabated optimism at such times indirectly, as well as by reasoned opinion; for his venerable, majestic bodily form, and his deep and sonorous voice, had in themselves the effect of a challenge to the evil things of human life.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the London *Times* concluded his cablegram aent Whitman’s death with these words:—

The genius of this writer was early recognized in England by Lord Tennyson, Thomas Carlyle, and others. He was acknowledged to be something more than a mere voice. His uncouth style; his contempt for rhyme, metre, and even in many cases rhythm, and a freedom of language which is frequently unpardonable, will militate against Whitman’s acceptance by the general public. But he had an intense earnestness of conviction, and was undoubtedly a man of great freshness of thought and fecundity of ideas. His philosophy was strongly optimistic, and whatever defects his poems may reveal, they at least testify that their author was a man of power, fertility, and resource; and he cannot but exercise considerable effect upon the future of American literature.

The Sheffield (Eng.) *Independent* pronounces him a prophet:—

He has cast to the four winds all the rules usually employed in judging poetry. And yet, if we once overcome our prejudice and dip into the pages of his greater works, such as the ‘Leaves of Grass’ or ‘Chants Democratic,’ we are forced to own that the song is telling, that at times it rises to a height which profoundly moves those who listen, and that despite all his audacious defiance of established forms, and his ruggedness of style, he is, in very truth, a prophet singing to the people and telling them of the great possibilities which lie before them.

Mr. Theodore Watts, in an article filling more than a page of *The Athenaeum*, the conclusion of which is vulgarly abusive of Whitman, says:—

There is no doubt whatever that, whether or not endowed with any kind of literary genius—poetic genius no one now dreams of crediting him with—he was very richly endowed with the genius of a magnetic personality, which enables a few rare individuals throughout the entire animal kingdom to create a following by means of sheer unintelligibility and muddle-headedness. * * * When, not so very many years ago, I was attacked, perhaps I might say abused, by the young gentlemen—bards for the most part—who ‘did’ the literature in a little group of newspapers, on the ground that I was a ‘reactionary poet’—that is to say an anti-Whitmanite who had corrupted a certain set of great poets, including Dante Rossetti, inoculating them with my reactionary views—the gravest charge against me was that I had christened Whitman the ‘Jack Bunsby of Parnassus.’ Well, there is no doubt that I did give him that name; but, not as a poet, as a naturalist: now that he is dead, and now that I know what a fine and manly soul it was that expressed itself with so much incoherence, I regret that I should ever have given him such a name.

Since the election of ‘Forty Immortals’ by the readers of *The Critic* eight years ago this spring, fourteen have passed away, Walt Whitman being the last to go. The longevity of this band of men-of-letters, theologians and scientific investigators, as shown in the following list, is rather remarkable. The first to die was Richard Grant White, 5 April 1885, aged 63 years and 11 months; the next in order being Edwin P. Whipple, 16 June 1886, aged 67 years and 3 months; Henry Ward Beecher, 8 March 1887, aged 73 years and 9 months; John G. Saxe, 31 March 1887, aged 70 years and 10 months; Mark Hopkins, 17 June 1887, aged 85 years and 4 months; Asa Gray, 30 Jan. 1888, aged 77 years and 2 months; A. Bronson Alcott, 4 March 1888, aged 88 years and 3 months; James Freeman Clarke, 8 June 1888, aged 78 years and 2 months; Theodore D. Woolsey, 1 July 1889, aged 87 years and 8 months; George Bancroft, 17 Jan. 1891, aged 90 years and 3 months; Alexander Winchell, 19 Feb. 1891, aged 66 years and 2 months; James Russell Lowell, 12 Aug. 1891, aged 72 years and 6 months; Noah Porter, 3 March 1892, aged 80 years and 2 months; and Walt Whitman, 26 March 1892, aged 72 years and 10 months. One of these deceased ‘Immortals’ was upwards of 90 years of age, four were between 90 and 80, six between 80 and 70, and three between 70 and 60, the average age of the fourteen being near 76 years and 9 months. Election to *The Critic’s Academy* seems to be a guarantee, if not of physical immortality, at least of a respectable longevity.

Alexis Tolstoi’s “Prince Serébrany”

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I see by to-day’s *Critic* that Mr. Jeremiah Curtin is translating ‘Prince Serébrany,’ a new novel by Count L. N. Tolstoi’s brother, Alexis. The novel is not new, and the author was not a brother of Count L. N. Tolstoi. ‘Prince Serébrany’ was published more than thirty years ago in the *Russky Viestnik*. The author, Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Tolstoi, was born on Sept. 5, 1817, at Saint Petersburg. His youth was spent largely in the Government of Chernigof, on the estate of his maternal uncle, A. A. Perovsky, whose poems were published under the pseudonym of Anton Pagorelsky. Count Aleksei entered Moscow University, and was for a short time in the Civil Service, after which he travelled in Germany, France and Italy. He served with credit in the Crimean War. In 1861 appeared his only prose work, the historical romance ‘Prince Serébrany,’ the time of which is that of Ivan the Terrible. In 1866 appeared in the *Otechestvennye Zapiski* the first part of his famous dramatic trilogy on the same tragic period—‘Smeert Ioanna Grozna’ (‘The death of Ivan the Terrible’). This was produced at enormous expense and with great success in 1867. The two other parts of the trilogy—‘Tsar Feodor Ioarrovitch’ and ‘Tsar Boris’—appeared in the *Viestnik Yevropui* in 1868 and 1870 respectively. During the last years of his life the poet suffered from ill-health and spent many months ineffectually at German water-cures. He died Oct. 10, 1875, at his estate at Krasnui Rog near Pochev. He left a large number of beautiful poems, but his reputation rests mainly on his romance and his trilogy.

Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, author of ‘War and Peace,’ was the son of Nikolai, the son of Ilya, and traces his ancestry back to the Count Piotr Andreievitch Tolstoi, the favorite of Peter the Great. The families were therefore connected by common ancestry.

JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS., April 2, 1892.

N. H. DOLE.

“The Foresters”

LONDON *Punch* thus parodies a popular poem by the author of ‘The Foresters’:—

All the greatest swells
Of the U. S. A.
Come to see a new,
Fascinating play.
Verses by a Lord!
Music by a Knight!
Just the thing in which
Democrats delight.
When the hearty praise
Bursts from Yankee lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships?
What are ‘glowing ships’?
That I’ve never guessed,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro’ the West;
This I simply quote
From the poet’s muse;
Hang me if I know
How you ‘blush the news’;
Anyhow, you do,
If the lines will scan,
Till the red man dance,
Do you think he can?
And the red man’s babe
Leap beyond the sea.
Active sort of child,
Surely, that must be!
Blush from West to East,
Blush from left to right,
Till the West is East,
And the black is white,
Daly is the man!
Daily is the play,
Dailies’ puff it up,
In the kindest way.

No Room for Lowell in Westminster

[G. W. S., in the *Tribune*.]

LONDON, April 9.—Dean Bradley’s refusal to find room for a memorial to Lowell in Westminster Abbey is an act of which no explanation is yet forthcoming. Want of space is no explanation, any more than when the bust of Matthew Arnold was hid away in an obscure corner where not one visitor in a thousand will ever see it. Lowell, of course, has no claim. No American has a claim, nor any Englishman either. It rests with the Dean of Westminster, for the time being, to grant or refuse admission to the Abbey.

There is no appeal from his discretion, or indiscretion, except to public opinion, or to Parliament, where public opinion is sometimes crystallized into a concrete reform. It was Parliament which intervened to save the Abbey from the intrusion of Prince Louis Napoleon, whom Dean Stanley was resolved to admit. The present is no cause for invoking that supreme court of appeal.

Nor do I know that Lowell's American friends need care much about the matter. It is Lowell's English friends who made the request to the Dean, which he somewhat churlishly, they think, has rejected. Lowell, says one of them, is not thought good enough for the Abbey. Perhaps not. He was merely the foremost American man-of-letters of his time, long resident in England and beloved here: a representative who did invaluable service to his own country and to this; admittedly the first—it is the English who admit it—scholar of English literature. What has he to do with Westminster Abbey? That mausoleum of nonentities is dignified, no doubt, by the tombs and memorials of some great men, but the majority are no company for Lowell. To say that Lowell shall not find a place there is to say that no American shall in the future, and that the few now there had better come away; Longfellow first of all, who will hardly care to remain, now that his friend is excluded. If any Dean of Westminster of the future regrets the exclusion, he may chisel into some vacant stone the line in which the French Academy does penance for the absence of Molière: 'Nothing was wanting to his glory. He is wanting to ours.'

"To W. D. H."

MR. LANG will doubtless rejoice to learn that Mr. Howells will hereafter be at home in *The Cosmopolitan*. At the Sign of the Ship, in Longman's for April, he talks about the late occupant of the Editor's Study in *Harper's* in prose, and to him in verse. We quote:—

In the last number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. W. D. Howells takes leave of that department in which he has so often rebuked us for our many insular infirmities. He keeps up this humor to the last; he girds at writers whom we still believe in, still admire, still expect to last as long as literature. Is this to be the end of the game? Are there to be no more snaps and scoffs, no more international tennis of flouts and jeers, with Mr. Howells 'smashing' at the net? Probably he will play again in some other court, assert himself in some other serial. He really would be missed, he provides so many topics, he is so happy in evolving points of difference. It has never seemed to me wise or humorous to be wroth with Mr. Howells, but rather to return his services with a little chaff. After all, we may differ about literature, or even about the future of the world, without losing our tempers. Literature and the world will never be exactly all that Mr. Howells hopes. On the other hand, some of our own favorites are not meant to wear for ever, but to amuse the passing moment. * * *

And have we heard you, W. D.,
For this, the latest time, declare
That Intellectuality,
Save in these Islands of the sea,
Is everywhere?

That all the world, the Muscovites,
The Realists of Sunny Spain,
And every Frenchman who delights
To count the smells and name the sights
Of every drain,

Is greater than clean clumsy Scott,
Than inartistic Thackeray?
Oh, hast thou fired thy latest shot,
Or is it but a cunning plot
That thou dost lay?

And shall we hear thee, elsewhere, still
Repeat the old familiar chatter,
Loud as the hopper of a mill?
Well, as it does not seem to kill,
It does not matter!

Nay, far from earth, serene and strong,
The smiling Thackeray forgives;
While 'Yarrow as he rolls along
Bears burden to the minstrel's song'—
Sir Walter lives!

While Hawthorne holds unshaken place
Among the children of the pen;
While wit, adventure, joy, and grace,
In every clime, in every place,
Are dear to men,

You cannot, though you strive and sigh,
Shake one leaf on the laurel crown.
Write not yourself,—none else will try,
T'were grossly rude,—what Dogberry
Would be writ down!

International Copyright

GERMANY AND SPAIN

THE German Reichstag, on March 8, after a long and heated debate, ratified the proposed agreement by which German authors are to enjoy the benefits of International Copyright here. The treaty now only awaits the signature of the German Emperor, its official announcement in the *Reichsblatt*, and its proclamation by the President. *The Publishers' Weekly* of April 9 prints the text of the German agreement. Copyright in Germany extends thirty years beyond the author's death, and the pending agreement provides for the granting to Americans of rights identical with those enjoyed by German citizens.

Gen. E. Burd Grubb, United States Minister to Spain, has concluded the negotiations with the country to which he is accredited regarding International Copyright.

Notes

A NEW French comedy, in three acts:—

'PARIS, April 7.—Pierre Loti, in an address at the French Academy to-day, criticised the existing schools of fiction and attacked the naturalist school as one that "sent forth flames and smoke as from foul straw," selecting its subjects solely from the dregs of the people in great towns, and "never looking beyond the splash of mud." This school, he said, was doomed to pass away as soon as an unhealthy curiosity tired of it.'

'PARIS, April 9.—Loti's speech has made a great stir in literary circles. What are considered his egotism and self-praise are not liked. M. Zola strongly resents his attacks. M. Zola asks how, while professing never to have read such books, Loti has such an intimate acquaintance with the naturalistic school; reminds him that the Academy only accepted him because it would not have Zola himself, and says that Loti's stories of his "faciles amours" are not very edifying. The press almost unanimously sides with Zola against Loti.'

'PARIS, April 10.—M. Loti has written a graceful letter in the nature of an apology to M. Zola, to the effect that his recent profession of faith does not lessen his admiration for Zola's immense talent. Zola, in a cordial reply, expresses regret that Loti fails to recognize the great movement in modern literature.'

M. Zola, it will be remembered, was M. Loti's unsuccessful rival for admission to the Academy.

—Hélène Vacaresco, the young lady who was forced by the politicians to break her engagement with the Crown Prince of Roumania, has written a novel which bears the title of 'Vorki et Dimitrui,' and is said to contain an account of her engagement. Years ago Mlle. Vacaresco gained a prize offered by the French Academy for a story in French, although she is a Roumanian. She has translated a number of Roumanian songs and poems into French, and has written sonnets which have been praised by the critics. It was her literary taste which attracted the attention of 'Carmen Sylva,' the Queen.

—In England two large editions of Mr. Gosse's 'Gossip in a Library' have been sold, and a third is in preparation.

—Something new in the way of a novel is announced by the Cassell Publishing Co. in 'The Fate of Fenella,' by Helen Matthers, Justin H. McCarthy, Conan Doyle, Florence Marryat, F. Anstey and nineteen other popular story-writers, each of whom contributes a single chapter.

—Referring to a note in our last number, Dr. N. Nickerson of Meriden, Conn. writes to us that the first Lady Brassey died of malarial fever contracted in Australia, and was buried at sea, when 1000 miles out from Port Darwin, on Sept. 14, 1887, while on a voyage in the Sunbeam from Australia to Mauritius and the Cape.

—*The Publishers' Weekly* prints the following items of trade news:—The firm of A. D. F. Randolph & Co. has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and is now conducting its business as a corporation under the title of Anson D. F. Randolph and Company. The officers of the company are: Anson D. F. Randolph, President; Arthur D. F. Randolph, Vice-President and Treasurer; and Wm. I. Wiley, Secretary. They have leased the store at 182 Fifth Avenue, now occupied by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, and will remove thereto May 15. The Stokes Company, who have gone out of the retail book and stationery

business, will continue their publishing and wholesale business in the same building. The Joseph Knight Co. have purchased the plates and stock of the late firm of Nims & Knight, of Troy, and will continue the business at 196 Summer Street, Boston (Estes Press building). They will add to the old list new attractions, as well as entirely new lines of books and novelties. The officers of the new company are: Joseph Knight, President and General Manager; Louis Coues Page, Treasurer; Walter M. Jackson, Secretary. The Directors are: Joseph Knight, Dana Estes, Charles E. Lauriat, Walter M. Jackson and Louis Coues Page.

—Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Boston Pilot*, has been invited to write and read the poem for the dedication of the national monument at Gettysburg, on June 2.

—‘The Shelley Concordance,’ just ready at Mr. Quaritch’s, is a complete dictionary of every word used by the poet in his metrical writings, arranged and edited by F. S. Ellis. The book has been printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, with type specially cast for it, and is published in one volume at 25s. A few copies on large paper are offered at 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

—Edgerton Castle’s ‘Schools and Masters of Fence,’ heretofore only obtainable in an expensive form, will shortly be issued by Macmillan & Co. in the Bohn Library. The reprint will contain all the original illustrations and some additional matter.

—Another volume of the works of the late Count Von Moltke has just been issued. It includes a youthful novel, ‘Two Friends,’ and ‘Thoughts of Comfort Regarding Earthly Life and Reliance on Eternal Life,’ in which the writer shows himself a believer in future life of the most tolerant type.

—*The Pictorial World*, London, publishes a portrait (about carte-de-visite size) of the late Mr. George Pellew, which it believes to be from the only photograph in existence. It was taken by an amateur.

—M. Jules Claretie, manager of the Théâtre Français, when questioned last week about the rumor that his company may visit America during the Chicago Exposition, said:—

I do not see that there is any insuperable obstacle to such a trip, especially as the theatre will probably be closed for repairs during the summer of 1893; but I do not think it easy. The troupe will not go to Chicago as a body uninvited. But I cannot say what might be decided if the authorities of the Exhibition or a well-known manager were to propose to them a professional visit to the United States. Referring to Mr. Daly’s troupe, which has visited Paris several times, M. Claretie said:—‘I liked the way they played “The Taming of the Shrew” very much. But we French have so exalted an opinion of our national acting that I must not be asked to make comparisons. We are greatly interested in American acting, however, and hope to welcome Mr. Daly and his company this year. Miss Rehan is an actress of undoubted talent.’

M. Claretie has now in press a novel entitled ‘L’Américaine,’ whose heroine is a member of the Paris American colony.

—M. Jouast has published 300 copies of the articles of Sarcey, Houssaye, Lematre, Ginisty, Jules Claretie, Jules Simon, Uzanne and other book-lovers in praise of his work as a printer and publisher, on the occasion of his retirement. They form a pretty volume entitled ‘Ultima,’ having as a frontispiece the portrait of Jouast etched by Lalauze.

—The first edition of Marion Crawford’s new novel, ‘The Three Fates,’ was disposed of by Macmillan & Co. on the day of publication.

—In London last month was sold an autograph letter of Sir Joshua Reynolds, referring to Dr. Johnson, for 14*l*. 10*s*. One of Sir Walter Scott’s, descriptive of his ‘Lady of the Lake,’ December 18, 1810, brought 14*l*. 10*s*; a long letter of Shelley’s, written to Leigh Hunt from Naples, Dec. 1818, 3*l* 4*s*; the autograph MS. of Chaps. iv.-v. of Thackeray’s ‘Philip,’ 8*l* 2*s*; and a letter of Lamb’s, accompanied by the MS. of his lines ‘On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born,’ 17*l*. 10*s*.

—David Gray, the Harvard Senior who wrote the Hasty-Pudding Club play this year is a Buffalo man, and a son of the late poet-editor of that name. Verse-making comes as natural to him as prose-writing to most of us.

—The story by Wolcott Balestier, ‘Captain, my Captain!’ to be printed in *The Century* for May, is said to be the last short story he wrote.

—A Wagner concert under the direction of Herr Anton Seidl will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening, April 26, for the benefit of the Young Women’s Christian Association. The soloists will be Frau Antonia Mielke, Frau Ritter-Goetz, Herr Andreas Dippel and Her Emil Fischer. Selections will be given from ‘Tannhäuser,’ ‘Tristan und Isolde,’ ‘Die Walküre’ and ‘Siegfried.’

—Mrs. Oliphant has brought out a new edition of her biography of Laurence Oliphant, and has inserted therein a few words in reply to the disciples of Thomas Lake Harris. She neither retracts nor moderates her statements in the original edition!

—Col. R. T. Auchmuty, founder of the Trade-Schools in this city, announced on Thursday evening of last week, when over 500 pupils were graduated as plumbers, bricklayers, painters, plasterers, carpenters, tailors, stone-cutters, etc., that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had offered to devote \$500,000 to the maintenance and extension of the schools as soon as they should be organized under the laws of the State. The work done by these schools, hitherto maintained by Col. Auchmuty himself, may fairly be regarded as indispensable to the welfare of the city. To suggest a wiser use of wealth than their endowment would be a difficult task.

—Mr. Delane bought in London the other day for about \$77 a copy of the first edition of ‘Adam Bede,’ containing George Eliot’s autograph inscription of presentation to Thackeray.

—*The Kawab America*, announced to appear on Friday of this week, at 47 Pearl Street, New York, is claimed to be the only paper printed in Arabic in North or South America or Europe. N. J. Arbeely, an interpreter of the Bureau of Immigration, is the proprietor and editor in chief, his brother, A. J. Arbeely, being the managing editor. ‘The paper will have a constituency of about 7000 in New York City,’ said the former to a *Times* reporter. ‘That is about the number of intelligent Syrians, Persians and Arabs in this city. On both the American continents there are about 150,000 speakers and readers of the Arabic language. * * * The paper will circulate in Egypt, India, Zanzibar, Syria, Tunis, Morocco and Palestine. In all of these places we have correspondents, many of them the finest scholars in their respective countries.’

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Abbott, E. History of Greece. \$2.25.	G. P. Putnam’s Sons.
American Catalogue. 1889-90.	<i>The Publisher’s Weekly.</i>
Andrews, E. B. Duty of a Public Spirit. 10c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Athanasius. Writings and Letters. Ed. by A. Robertson.	Christian Literature Co.
Bamburg, W. C. Giacomo: A Venetian Tale.	Privately Printed.
Beulah. Tatters. 50c.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Black, W. A Princess of Thule.	Harper & Bros.
Boardman, G. D. Problem of Jesus. 35c.	F. H. Revell Co.
Collingwood, H. W. The Business Hen.	Rural Pub. Co.
Crawford, F. M. The Three Fates. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Dallas, G. Diary. Ed. by S. Dallas. \$2.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Davis, R. H. Van Bibber and Others.	Harper & Bros.
De Garmo, C. Ethical Training in the Public Schools.	Phila.: Academy of Pol. and Social Science.
Dickens, C. Pickwick Papers. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Dictionary of Political Economy. Ed. by R. H. I. Palgrave.	Part II. \$1.
Douglas, C. H. J. Financial History of Massachusetts.	Macmillan & Co.
Eccles, R. G. Study of Applied Sociology. 10c.	Columbia College.
Evans, T. American Citizenship.	D. Appleton & Co.
Everybody’s Pocket Cyclopaedia.	Oakland, Cal.: T. Evans.
Farrer, J. A. Books Condemned to be Burned.	Harper & Bros.
Fuller, S. R. Personality. \$1.25.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. \$1.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Harris, J. C. On the Plantation.	G. P. Putnam’s Sons.
Harte, B. Colonel Starbottle’s Client, and Some Other People. \$1.25.	D. Appleton & Co.
Higginson, T. W. Concerning All of Us.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Jones, L. G. Problem of City Government. 10c.	Harper & Bros.
Justh, S. de. Le Livre de La Pousta.	D. Appleton & Co.
King, G. Tales of a Time and Place.	Paris: P. Ollendorff.
Langford, W. S. Christian Beneficence. 10c.	Harper & Bros.
Leflingwell, W. B. Manulito. \$1.25.	Thos. Whittaker.
Living Papers on Present-Day Themes. 10 vols. \$10.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Lotze, H. Philosophy of Religion. Ed. by F. C. Conybeare. 10c.	F. H. Revell Co.
Maurice, F. D. Lincoln’s Inn Sermons. Vol. VI. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Mead, E. D. Representative Government. 10c.	Macmillan & Co.
Mexican Night. A. Toasts and Responses at Dinner to Señor Romero.	D. Appleton & Co.
Middleton, J. H. Remains of Ancient Rome. 2 vols.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Miller, O. T. Little Brothers of the Air. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Millet, F. D. A Capillary Crime, and Other Stories.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Moffatt’s Geography Reader. No. II.	Harper & Bros.
Moore, A. L. From Advent to Advent. \$1.50.	London: McMillan & Co.
More, T. Wisdom and Wit. Ed. by T. E. Bridgett.	Thos. Whittaker.
Ormee, A. B. The House Comfortable.	Catholic Pub. Society Co.
Parsons, J. R. French Schools Through American Eyes. \$1.	Harper & Bros.
Possé, N. Handbook of School Gymnastics. 50c.	Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Remsen, D. S. Suffrage and the Ballot. 10c.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Robinson, C. The Kansas Conflict.	D. Appleton & Co.
Ryle, Bishop. Rich and Poor. 10c.	Harper & Bros.
Scott, W. L. Perseus.	Thos. Whittaker.
Seely, H. The Jonah of Lucky Valley, and Other Stories. 10c.	Harper & Bros.
Tausig, F. W. Silver Situation in the United States. 75c.	Baltimore: Am. Economic Association.
Walker, B. My Musical Experiences.	Chas. Scribner’s Sons.
White, E. Life in Christ. \$1.50.	Thos. Whittaker.
Whitman, W. Selected Poems.	Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Wright, J. Gothic Language Primer. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Wyndham, J. Theo Waddington. 30c.	Boston: United Pub. Co.
Catalogues received from A. S. Barnes & Co.; Mitchell’s; Frederick H. Hutt.	London.

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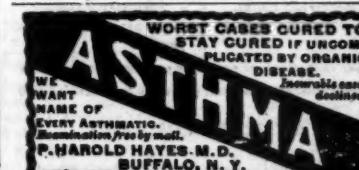
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